

The Outlook

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1906



The Return of Mr. Bryan

Mr. William Jennings Bryan returned from his trip around the world on Thursday of last week. He was welcomed at a reception held in Madison Square Garden under the leadership of the Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust Association of the United States. Delegations from many States, especially in the West and South, were present, bearing greetings from the Democrats of those sections. The reception was attended by about ten thousand people, who, in spite of the suffocating heat, displayed unbounded enthusiasm for the Democratic leader and the principles which he outlined in his speech. Mr. Augustus Thomas, as the representative of the Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust League, formally welcomed Mr. Bryan on his return home. Governor Folk, of Missouri, and Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, also made addresses of welcome as spokesmen of the Democratic party. All of the speakers emphasized the evils of the system of special privilege, and demanded a return to the principle of equal rights for all. When Mr. Bryan was presented to the meeting by Mayor Johnson, the crowd rose and cheered him heartily for five minutes. He was evidently deeply affected by the tribute. After his speech had continued for a short time, many, who had plainly come to see rather than to hear, left the hall. A large majority of those present, however, stayed to the end, and manifested hearty approval of Mr. Bryan's words.

Mr. Bryan on the Issues of the Day

While Mr. Bryan's address nominally took the form of suggestions drawn from his observations abroad, it was actually a discussion by the most prominent candidate for the Democratic

nomination for the Presidency of what he deems the great political issues. Public interest naturally centered, therefore, not upon Mr. Bryan's repetition of views already and repeatedly expounded by him on the platform and in the press, but upon what he had to say upon the immediate aspects of present economic problems relating to the trusts, railway rate regulation, Government ownership of railways, and the struggle between Socialism and individualism. But his declaration that at present the paramount issue is the trust issue was reached only midway in the address, and was preceded by declarations in favor of the extension of international arbitration and against using our navy as a debt-collecting agency; in favor of "announcing our purpose to deal with the Filipinos as we dealt with the Cubans;" in favor of a change in the time for convening Congress; in favor of the election of United States Senators by direct vote (Mr. Bryan declared roundly that the Senate "has been for some years the bulwark of predatory wealth"); in favor of an income tax, which in America is "denounced as a Socialistic attack upon wealth," but abroad has "the indorsement of the most conservative countries;" in favor of the arbitration of labor disputes in the interest of society at large as well as of capital and labor, and with the suggestion that "if there is compulsory submission to investigation, it is not necessary that there shall be compulsory acceptance of the decision, for a full and fair investigation will in almost every case bring about a settlement;" in favor of the eight-hour day, and in opposition to "government by injunction." All these matters, Mr. Bryan declared, are really non-partisan. His first allusion to a strictly Democratic policy was

to admit that the question of bimetallism was a dead issue. This admission was made in these words:

Our opponents have derived not only partisan pleasure but also partisan advantage from the division caused in our party by the money question. They ought not, therefore, to begrudge us the satisfaction that we find in the fact that unexpected conditions have removed the cause of our differences and permitted us to present a united front on present issues. The unlooked-for and unprecedented increase in the production of gold has brought a victory to both the advocates of gold and the advocates of bimetallism—the former keeping the gold standard which they wanted and the latter securing the larger volume of money for which they contended. We who favor bimetallism are satisfied with our victory if the friends of monometallism are satisfied with theirs.



*The Nation and
the Trusts*

The Nation's future legislation and policy as to trusts Mr. Bryan believes to be the paramount political issue. He congratulated President Roosevelt upon his attempts to enforce anti-trust laws, but insisted that every advance made followed the Democratic rather than the Republican platform. The Democratic watchword for the future should be, he said, "A private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable," and extermination of the monopoly principle should be the end in view. Mr. Bryan's definition of a trust was, "Any corporation which controls so much of the product of any article that it can fix the terms and conditions of sale." To abolish one monopoly would be, he argued, to champion ninety-nine smaller, menaced industries. Support was promised to any remedy, or all remedies, which promised substantial advantage. Thus, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, if enforced against all trusts and with the punishment of imprisonment instead of fine, might aid. But new laws must be made to deal with the present evasions of law; such new legislation should include the forbidding of campaign contributions from corporations, and should make it illegal for the same man to act as director or officer of two corporations; while a still more far-reaching remedy would be to require corporations to take out a Federal license before doing inter-

State business. On this last point Mr. Bryan said: "It is far easier to prevent a monopoly than to watch it and punish it, and this prevention can be accomplished in a practical way by refusing a license to any corporation which controls more than a certain proportion of the total product—this proportion to be arbitrarily fixed at a point which will give free operation to competition." The tariff question was declared to be closely allied to the trust question, and Mr. Bryan asserted that "there never was a time when tariff reform could be more easily entered upon, for the manufacturers, by selling abroad cheaper than at home, as many of them do, have not only shown their ingratitude toward those who built the tariff wall for them, but have demonstrated their ability to sell in competition with the world."



*The Government
and the Railways*

Also interwoven with the trust question, Mr. Bryan holds, is that of railway rate regulation. While he praised the recent action of Congress, pressed upon it by the President, Mr. Bryan saw some dangers in the process proposed, and could reach no final solution of the difficulty except Government ownership. As his declaration on this subject has awakened more discussion than anything else in the address, and seems to us, as it does to the country at large, by far the most significant of his utterances, we give it in his own words:

I have already reached the conclusion that railroads partake so much of the nature of a monopoly that they must ultimately become public property and be managed by public officials in the interest of the whole community, in accordance with the well-defined theory that public ownership is necessary where competition is impossible. I do not know that the country is ready for this change; I do not know that a majority of my own party favor it; but I believe that an increasing number of the members of all parties see in public ownership the sure remedy for discriminations between persons and places and for the extortionate rates for the carrying of freight and passengers.

Believing, however, that the operation of all railroads by the Federal Government would result in a centralization which would all but obliterate State lines, I prefer to see only the trunk lines operated by the Federal Government, and the local lines by the

several State Governments. Some have opposed this dual ownership as impracticable, but investigation in Europe has convinced me that it is entirely practicable. As to the right of the Governments, Federal and State, to own and operate railroads there can be no doubt.

Mr. Bryan did not argue very fully on the merits of this plan for Government ownership of railways, and will doubtless be heard later on at greater length on the subject. At New Haven the next day, indeed, he remarked: "I do not know that the country is yet ready for public ownership. I believe in a great many things that I would not put in a platform. The people are not yet ready for some of them." Mr. Bryan concluded his address by an exposition of the dangers, as well as the attractions, of Socialism, and insisted that it was in the interests of individualism that the trusts should be exterminated, and that the Democratic party is and should be the defender of property and property rights—and, moreover, the best defender, because it would apply the Jeffersonian doctrine of equal rights to all and special privileges to none. On another page we have commented on this address.



The New Spelling The President has made public his letter to Mr. Stillings, the head of the Government Printing Office, directing the adoption of the new spelling. In so far as this letter gives the reasons for this order, it may be regarded as an official interpretation and defense, and we therefore give this portion of the letter to our readers in full:

There is not the slightest intention to do anything revolutionary or initiate any far-reaching policy. The purpose simply is for the Government, instead of lagging behind popular sentiment, to advance abreast of it and at the same time abreast of the views of the ablest and most practical educators of our time as well as of the most profound scholars—men of the stamp of Professor Lounsbury and Professor Skeat. If the slight changes in the spelling of the three hundred words proposed wholly or partially meet popular approval, then the changes will become permanent without any reference to what public officials or individual private citizens may feel; if they do not ultimately meet with popular approval, they will be dropt, and that is all there is about it. They

2 A

represent nothing in the world but a very slight extension of the unconscious movement which has made agricultural implement makers and farmers write "plow" instead of "plough;" which has made most Americans write "honor" without the somewhat absurd superfluous "u;" and which is even now making people write "program" without the "me"—just as all people who speak English now write "bat," "set," "dim," "sum," and "fish," instead of the Elizabethan "batte," "sette," "dimme," "summe," and "fyshe;" which makes us write "public," "almanac," "era," "fantasy," and "wagon," instead of the "publick," "almanack," "æra," "phantasy," and "waggon" of our great-grandfathers. It is not an attack on the language of Shakespeare and Milton, because it is in some instances a going-back to the forms they used, and in others merely the extension of changes which, as regards other words, have taken place since their time. It is not an attempt to do anything far-reaching or sudden or violent, or indeed anything very great at all. It is merely an attempt to cast what slight weight can properly be cast on the side of the popular forces which are endeavoring to make our spelling a little less foolish and fantastic.

As a reply to some very shallow criticisms on the reform spelling movement this is conclusive; as a plea for the adoption of the new standard it is interesting though not conclusive; as an argument for the method pursued in changing the spelling methods of all public documents by executive order and without previous consideration either by representatives of the people or by a body of experts appointed by the Government for that purpose, it is not conclusive. Whatever the ultimate result may be, for the time being, with one standard of spelling adopted by the Government and some schools and another standard of spelling adopted by the people as represented in the great publishing houses and by most educational institutions, the rule of spelling in America will be the one prescribed by Sam Weller—to spell according to the taste and fancy of the speller.



A Perfectly Legitimate Union

Postal clerks of six of the principal cities of the West met in convention last week in Chicago and formed a National trade union under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor. The New York Times and the New York Evening Post have both stated

that the formation of such a union is contrary to the executive order issued by the President in 1902, and have called on the President to enforce that order. They are both mistaken as to the facts. The order is as follows:

All officers and employees of the United States of every description, serving in or under any of the Executive Departments or independent Government establishments, and whether so serving in or out of Washington, are hereby forbidden, either directly or indirectly, individually or through associations, to solicit an increase of pay or to influence or attempt to influence in their own interest any other legislation whatever, either before Congress or its Committees, or in any way save through the heads of the Departments or independent Government establishments in or under which they serve, on penalty of dismissal from the Government service.

In our judgment, it would not be legitimate for the Government to refuse to employees the right to meet and organize peaceably for the promotion of their own welfare. Such a prohibition would be wholly inconsistent with Mr. Roosevelt's well-known approval of the principle of trade unionism, and no such prohibition has been directly or indirectly attempted. Whether, under the order given above, the head of the Federation of Labor, acting on behalf of the postal clerks, may attempt to solicit an increase of pay other than by an application through the heads of the Departments or the independent Government establishments, is a question which it will be time enough for the Administration to meet if it should be raised.



The Negro Problem:
Booker Washington's
Platform

In The Outlook of last week we gave a summary of the platform adopted at the second annual meeting of the so-called Niagara Movement held at Harper's Ferry under the special leadership of Dr. Du Bois. It is instructive to compare with this platform the address by Dr. Booker Washington before the meeting of the National Negro Business League, of which he is President, held last week at Atlanta, Georgia. This address may fairly be regarded as embodying the platform of this League; and just as the Niagara Movement stands for the more

political and assertive spirit in the negro race, so the National Business League, as represented in Dr. Washington's address, stands for the industrial and pacific spirit. Dr. Washington expressed this tersely when he said, "Let constructive progress be the dominant note among us in every section of America; an inch of progress is worth more than a yard of faultfinding." He declared that "while the world may pity a crying, whining race, it seldom respects it." As to the progress actually made, he pointed out that in Georgia alone the negroes own \$20,000,000 worth of taxable property, and that in the whole country, at a conservative estimate, the negro is now paying taxes upon over \$300,000,000 worth of property, while in the Southern States negroes are conducting thirty-three banks. In fact, Dr. Washington believes that there is practically no section of the South where encouragement cannot be found for the negro farmer, mechanic, merchant, and even banker, with reasonable opportunity for prosperity, and he reaffirms his formerly expressed opinion that the Southern States offer the best permanent abode for the negro. He would welcome immigration, for he believes that healthy competition is much needed in the South, and that the salvation of his race is to be found "not in our ability to keep another race out of the territory, but in our learning to get as much out of the soil, out of our occupations or business, as any other race can get out of theirs." Dr. Washington spoke strongly and plainly as to crime on the part of the negro; he admitted the seriousness of the problem, did not hesitate to say that the large number of crimes committed by members of his race was deplorable, but challenged his hearers to show instances of crime committed by graduates of the educational institutions, or, with rare exceptions, by negroes who own their homes, are taxpayers, have regular occupation, and have received education. From these facts he argued that "ignorance will always mean crime, and crime will mean an unwieldy burden fastened about the neck of the South." The crime of lynching was equally denounced. Dr.

Washington said: "Let us bear in mind that every man, white or black, who takes the law into his hands to lynch or burn or shoot human beings supposed to be or guilty of crime is insulting the executive, judicial, and lawmaking bodies of the State in which he resides. Lawlessness in one direction will inevitably lead to lawlessness in other directions. This is the experience of the whole civilized world." The trend and force of Dr. Washington's address might almost be summed up in this sentence: "The more I study our conditions and needs, the more I am convinced that there is no surer road by which we can reach civic, moral, educational, and religious development than by laying the foundation in the ownership and cultivation of the soil, the saving of money, commercial growth, and the skillful and conscientious performance of any duty with which we are intrusted." Comparing this utterance with the platform quoted last week, it will be seen that they are not antagonistic, but that they differ in spirit. One makes demands for the negroes, the other lays its demands upon the negro; one emphasizes his rights, the other his duties; one complains of the wrongs the white inflicts upon the negro, the other asks for co-operation between the white and the negro. We see far more hope for the negro in the spirit of the Business Men's League than in that of the Niagara Movement.

The Insurance Situation

Bishop Charles C. McCabe, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has addressed a letter to Judge Alton B. Parker, chairman of the executive committee of the International Policy-Holders' Committee, in which he discusses the contest for control of the Boards of Trustees of the New York and Mutual Life Insurance Companies. After protesting against the issuance, with his name appended as a member of the committee, of an address to policy-holders, which he had never seen, he writes:

The administration tickets of the two companies include many gentlemen known to me and many others of whom I have obtained much information. I am satisfied

that it is not possible to nominate trustees who under the existing circumstances could better conserve the great interests of the policy-holders than those recently named on the two administration tickets. You are the chairman of a sub-committee charged with the duty of forming a ticket, and, so far as my voice and vote are to be considered, I urgently recommend the adoption by your committee of the administration tickets of both companies and their unanimous election by the policy-holders. After long and careful consideration, I am thoroughly satisfied that the present administrations of both companies are now effecting great economies and reforms, and that these institutions, purged as by fire, are now in a position to afford the protection of life insurance in better form and on better terms than any known in the past.

This expression of opinion on the part of Bishop McCabe emphasizes The Outlook's advice to the policy-holders of the Mutual and the New York Life to be cautious in supporting the change from an experienced management to one that is untried and without practical knowledge of the insurance business.



The Proper Spirit

A recent strike of switchmen at New Haven, Connecticut, and its consequences afford an example of the advancement of organized labor. Regrettably, in many instances a union does not deliberate over a dispute, but impetuously sustains any part of its members in any difference, however just or unjust, between employee and employer. In sharp contrast to such a policy is this instance. There has been in the local railroad yards a feeling on the part of the men against the yard officials, and naturally the service was somewhat impaired. Discipline did not better the situation; and suddenly at midnight, Tuesday, August 7, the officers of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company discovered that they had no freight-switching crews in one of the busiest and most complicated freight yards in the East. Officially the railroad knew of no grievance, as nothing of the kind had been presented in the regular procedure which is defined by contract with its trainmen and yardmen. The contract was entered into that such a contingency might be avoided, and the company was justly angry at the breach of faith. It has since devel-

oped that several of the more factious men, some of whom were prominent in the New Haven Lodge of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, on the night of the strike persuaded some of the crews to cease work at midnight. Many joined the movement against their better judgment, some because of *esprit de corps*, others to avoid violence. There was a decided lack of unanimity, and men asked one another what the trouble was, after they had quit their positions! When the railroad called upon the Brotherhood for redress, the Order promptly responded. The Grand Masters and lesser committees repudiated the strikers' action, approved their dismissal from the service of the company, and expelled them from the fraternity. Volunteers were called for by the Order to fill the places of the turbulent men, and assistance given to restore traffic to its normal condition. Judging from reports of conversations held with many of the trainmen, the rank and file of the Brotherhood heartily indorse their superiors' course, and feel that, although the strike was unofficial, the breach of faith tends to discredit their integrity. Such an attitude of fairness and zeal for justice from this source augurs well for the solution of the labor problem.



*Bishop Brent on
Gambling*

A friend has called our attention to an article in the Manila Times of July last by Bishop Brent, of the Philippine Islands. It seems that he had preached a vigorous sermon against the gambling habit—a sermon which happily stirred up a good deal of opposition and criticism, for the value of such a sermon may generally be measured by the hostility that it arouses. That Bishop Brent was not led by this hostility to retract or qualify his condemnation is apparent from sentences which we extract from the article in the Manila Times: "My assertion is that moderate gambling is a vice, and it is as respectable to be a moderate liar, a moderate adulterer, a moderate thief, as to be a moderate gambler. The effect on the character, if not equal, is at any rate similar. . . . I reassert that gambling is contemptible

in any one who pretends to self-respect, and reprehensible to God and his Son Jesus Christ. I maintain that the difference between poker and cock-fighting, between bridge whist played for money and panguingue, is a matter of whitewash. . . . Poker I think is a contemptible game; if it were not for the money risked, poker would drop out of existence. Whist is entirely different; it is a good game, a game of the intellect and a game of skill, and I commend it; but I maintain that when bridge whist is played for money or for expensive prizes as distinguished from a trophy held, but never owned, by a winner, as it is in Manila, it isn't a bit different from the cock-pit or from the roulette-table at Monte Carlo. The only distinction is that the thing called 'society' has dipped its brush in whitewash and has whitewashed bridge whist played for money." The Outlook repeats these words and indorses them. They are as applicable to society in the United States as to society in the Philippines. A game which depends for its interest on the money that may be won or the expensive prize to be gained is not a legitimate game. Whether the gamblers are a party of finely dressed ladies in a highly respectable parlor, or the habitués of the roulette-tables at Monte Carlo, or the stock gamblers in New York and Chicago, whether the money played for is ten dollars, or a hundred dollars, or a million dollars, the spirit is the same: it is the vulgar, vicious, sordid spirit which desires to get something for nothing.



A Free Port

Dalny, originally Russia's built-to-order Manchurian seaport, partly destroyed by the Russians before Port Arthur was invested by the Japanese, became the property of Japan, first by conquest, later by the terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth. It will in future be known as Tairen. On the first day of this month Japan fulfilled her pledge to throw this port open to the commerce of the world, with no duties on either exports or imports. But as regards Chinese customs, a singular state of things was disclosed when Dalny was

made a free port. Ordinarily Japan might be expected to allow the establishing at Dalny of a Chinese customs office to collect the legal Chinese duties on merchandise going into Manchuria, which is Chinese territory. But this Japan declines to do, on the ground that Russia does not allow China to collect customs at the Russo-Manchurian frontier. If Chinese duties were collected at Dalny and not on the Russian land frontier, Russian commerce with Manchuria would enjoy an immense advantage over that of the rest of the world, which has to seek admittance by a seaport. This would be to open the back door and shut the front door. For the present, therefore, Dalny, or Tairen, is not only to be a free port in the usual sense, with an open door into Japanese territory in China, but is to be an open door into China so far as Manchuria is concerned, while goods bound for any other part of China must pay the Chinese duty. No doubt Japan is awake to the importance of taking this opportunity to point out to the rest of the world how unfair an advantage Russia is taking in the competition for China's trade through the facts that Russian and Chinese territory is contiguous and that China is too weak or indifferent to attempt to enforce her customs laws against Russia. Japan's retaliation seems to strike at the root of the commercial trouble in Manchuria.



China's Trade The great prize of modern diplomacy—a prize which may be said to have caused the Russo-Japanese War—is the trade of China, and hence it becomes a matter of international interest to know how that trade is at present distributed among the various countries of the world. Upon this subject the Shanghai correspondent of the London Times gives some interesting facts and statistics. The difficulties, as he explains, of arriving at even an approximate statement on the subject are many, one of the chief of which is furnished by the status of Hongkong. This British colony, formerly embracing only a small island separated by a mile from the Chinese mainland, has become,

since the inclusion in 1899 of the leased territory of Kowloon, practically a commercial port of China, but, as the territory is covered by the British flag, all trade passing through this port is classed in Chinese customs reports as foreign and nominally British, whether American, Japanese, French, or British in reality. As Hongkong itself publishes no statistics and has well been called "the freest of free ports," and its merchants "buy and sell as if political boundaries did not exist," the bigness of the trade of what is nominally the second port of the world is deceptively flattering to British complacency. There are other difficulties besides the chief one of the anomalous character of Hongkong in arriving at a correct idea as to the extent of China's trade with other countries—the difficulty, for instance, of reconciling figures based upon a score of different national systems of valuation with fiscal systems ending at three different dates of the calendar year. Making proper allowance on all these points, however, and also for the fact that the greater part of Russia's trade is overland and it is therefore difficult to arrive at even approximate statistics for it, the facts as shown give at least a tolerably clear idea as to what countries have received and are likely to receive the bulk of China's trade. Naturally, the British Empire, from its favored position at Hongkong and, since the Russo-Japanese War, its situation as Japan's ally, has the first place, with Japan, the United States, and Germany following in the order named. In the matter of imports from China, Japan and the United States seem to be about upon an equality, while the British Empire receives nearly as much as both these countries and more than six times as much as Germany. These estimates refer to the five years preceding the Russo-Japanese War. For the year 1904, the latest for which statistics are as yet accessible, the British Empire brought into China goods to the amount of 207.4 millions of taels, while Japan's total is placed at 71.1, the United States' at 36.1 millions, and Germany's at 23.2 millions. In the matter of exports from China the United States ranks next to the British

Empire, with 47 millions of taels to its credit, to 58.3 millions for the British and 45.3 millions for Japan, while Germany took only 11.8 millions of taels in Chinese trade. Naturally, in the future Japan may be expected to draw a larger share of the trade of the most populous country in the world, and Great Britain will probably also increase its lead as respects other European countries, with the United States as its greatest competitor. As the United States sends China chiefly cotton fabrics, kerosene oil, and flour, and receives chiefly tea, silk, and straw braid, and of course fireworks, for which in recent years there has been an enormous demand, its trade, being based upon the mutual wants of the two countries, is natural, and its growth may be considered certain. Especially when China fully awakens may it be expected that there will be in Far Cathay a demand for the labor-saving machinery which China has so long contemned, but which she will find necessary to her progress.



A Centennial Effort

A memorable anniversary occurs next month, and calls for a deed commensurate with its celebration. It is the centennial of that prayer-meeting of Williams College students—Samuel J. Mills and others—under the now famous haystack during a storm, out of which, four years later, grew the oldest of our foreign missionary societies, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The humble birth of that great movement is to be commemorated at Williamstown and North Adams in connection with the annual meeting of the Board, October 9–12. To mark the event appropriately it was resolved, a year ago, to raise the income of the Board this centennial year to a round million of dollars. The deed is as needful as the occasion is appropriate. The work of the Board for several years has been embarrassed by its very success. Its Prudential Committee has been too largely occupied in rejecting appeals to enter promising fields because of inadequate means. Even thus they did not succeed in avoiding the heavy debt re-

ported last year. This year the churches have responded liberally, and still \$100,000 is needed to complete the million needed to extinguish the debt and meet the exigencies of the missionary field. Individual efforts are now timely. Two friends have pledged \$30,000 on condition that the residual \$70,000 is raised by September 10, when the year's account is closed. Success will be more than merely financial. It will be a most timely moral reinforcement of the straitened working forces in the scantily supplied field. Remittances should be addressed at once to Mr. Frank H. Wiggin, Treasurer, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.



The Political Alternative

The one salient feature in Mr. Bryan's speech is his demand for the destruction of monopolies and for Government ownership of the railways. His demand may not represent the present attitude of the Democratic party; it is disowned by many of the Democratic leaders; but it represents a tendency in the country with which not leaders only but all voters must reckon. And, taken in contrast with Mr. Roosevelt's policies, it presents to the country the chief, if not the only, real political issue of public importance before the country. The tariff? In the view of Mr. Bryan, the tariff is of importance only as it is related to the trusts, and we do not doubt that in this respect he represents the sentiment of the rank and file of his followers.

Mr. Bryan is the most popular leader to-day in the Democratic party, although he may not be the Democratic candidate in 1908, as Mr. Roosevelt is the most popular leader in the Republican party to-day, though he will not be the Republican candidate in 1908. For the formal issues between the parties the public must wait for the formal platforms; but the speech of Mr. Bryan and the policy of Mr. Roosevelt sufficiently indicate the two tendencies between which the voter must even now begin to choose. Both

leaders agree in condemning monopoly ; both agree in standing for popular rights against every form of plutocratic control ; but they differ radically in the remedies which they propose.

Mr. Bryan proposes that the Government shall own and operate the railways—the Federal Government the inter-State railways, the State Governments the State railways. The railways have been one great promoter of monopoly, but they are not its only promoter. Monopoly owns and controls the oil wells ; monopoly practically owns and controls the coal mines ; and monopoly is endeavoring to own and control the meat supply. The argument for Government ownership and administration of the railways inevitably leads on to Government ownership and administration of all monopolized industries. Mr. Bryan has not logically stated all that his principles logically involve ; but couple his declarations that all trusts must be destroyed and that to accomplish this the railroads must be taken over by the State, and there is no logical escape from the conclusion that if any trust cannot be destroyed it also must be taken over by the State. This does not involve, and he is careful to explain that it does not involve, State ownership and control of all the means of production and transportation—that is, Socialism. But it does necessarily involve Government ownership and administration of all public utilities and of such other industries as, in private hands, necessarily fall under monopolistic control.

Mr. Roosevelt does not condemn combinations, whether of labor or capital. He does not wish to discourage private ownership of wealth, or private enterprise in industry, or combination of either wealth or industry ; but he insists that all public utilities and all organized industries shall be subject to Governmental supervision and control, and he advocates such legislation—as, for example, laws forbidding stock-watering and requiring publicity—as will tend to the diffusion of wealth in many hands and the encouragement of individual enterprise by securing for it individual rewards. Both Mr. Bryan and Mr.

Roosevelt seek to make the great industries serve the public, but by different methods. The policy of the one tends toward Government ownership and administration ; the tendency of the other is toward the maintenance of private wealth and the promotion of private enterprise, but subject to Governmental authority. Both seek to promote a better distribution of wealth : the tendency of the one is to make the political organization the owner of concentrated wealth and the director of the great organized industries ; the tendency of the other is to leave wealth in private hands, but to make the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few more difficult and participation in the profits of all industries more equitable.

Doubtless there are some Americans who of these alternatives would choose neither ; who would prefer to leave all industries free and unregulated, save as regulation might be required to preserve peace, and who would trust to free competition to counteract whatever dangers there may be in monopoly. But we do not believe that there are enough of them left to form a political party. If we read aright the signs of the times, every American must be making up his mind between these two tendencies. He must prepare himself to choose whether he will cast his influence in favor of Government ownership and administration of monopolies, with a consequent diminution of private wealth and private enterprise, or in favor of Governmental regulation of monopolies, with a preservation of private wealth and an encouragement of private enterprise.

We here attempt, not to define a political issue, but to indicate a political tendency. Nor do we discuss the merits of the alternative which we simply forecast. In different aspects it will not improbably be a chief subject for public discussion for the next two years. It must suffice here to say that *The Outlook* believes that it is wise for the American people to give a thorough trial to the experiment of Governmental regulation of private monopolies before entering upon the experiment of substituting therefor the ownership and administration of monopolies by the Government.

The Quest for Error

There is no better argument for a rational demand than the strongest argument which its opponent can make against it. The article of Judge Amidon in *The Outlook* for July 14 interpreted a growing demand that the object of our appellate courts should be the doing of justice, not the successful quest for error in the court below. Mr. George Whitney Moore on another page presents as strong an argument against this rational demand as probably can be framed. The gist of this argument is, not that Judge Amidon's remedy is a mistaken one, but that there is no wrong to be remedied; that the administration of our criminal law is, on the whole, quite satisfactory; and that so far is it from being true that criminal law is better administered in England than in America and that we can learn something from English administration, the reverse is true—English administration is imperfect, and could be improved by being made to conform in substance to the American practice. It is time, Mr. Moore thinks, "that some one should call a halt upon uninformed, indiscriminate denunciations, and discuss the administration of our criminal law from the standpoint of fact."

It will, we think, be interesting to our readers to be introduced to some uninformed gentlemen who have criticised the American administration of criminal law for the same reasons as Judge Amidon and in terms quite as vigorous.

Such an uninformed person is Professor John H. Wigmore, Dean of the Northwestern University Law School of Chicago, author of a "Treatise on Evidence" which, in the judgment of well-informed members of the bar, is as authoritative as any mere treatise can be. In the *Columbia Law Review* (Vol. 3, p. 433, *et al.*) he discusses the question, "Shall a new trial be granted because of the erroneous admission or exclusion of a particular piece of evidence?" He says: "The original and orthodox English rule was plain. An erroneous admission or rejection of a piece of evidence was not a sufficient ground for setting aside the verdict and

ordering a new trial, unless upon all the evidence it appeared to the judge that the truth had not thereby been reached." This wholly rational rule has been set aside by the later practice of the American courts. They have substituted the rule that "the admission of any illegal evidence over objection necessitates a reversal;" that "it may be shown by the most irrefragable proof that the defendant is guilty of the offense charged against him, but this does not justify the violation of well-settled rules of evidence to secure his conviction." The effect of this principle Dean Wigmore thus describes:

The results are lamentable. Whether in civil or criminal cases, it has done more than any other one rule of law to increase the delay and expense of litigation, to encourage defiant criminality and oppression, and to foster the spirit of litigious gambling. Added to this is the indirect result produced upon the ever-lurking animal instinct of gregarious human brutality, which takes the failures of criminal justice as its pretext and sates itself with cruel lynchings. That the law has gone to the extremes of absurd and provoking technicality in applying this rule is plain enough, even in a casual glance through the reports. Some of the instances of its enforcement would seem incredible even in the justice of a tribe of African fetish-worshippers. As types of what is done in a lesser way every day in every court, they would explain well enough, even if there were no further reason, why poor men may hesitate to send their cause to trial,—why a rich oppressor or a desperate criminal may hope to tire out all endeavors to do justice on him,—why the decisive question for the suitor before litigation often is, not who is right, but who can longest endure,—why ignorant mobs have a patent pretext for distrusting the distant gallows and substituting a near-by tree or stake. Just so long as an erroneous ruling on evidence, however trifling, is described by the highest judges (and in many courts it habitually is) as "working a reversal," just so long will the reproach of technicality and futility mark our litigation. Until the rules of evidence cease to be assimilated to the play of a hand at whist or the operations of an automatic cash register, they must remain, as often as not, the instruments of injustice.

Another uninformed critic of American criminal jurisprudence is the Hon. William H. Taft, of whom most of our readers have heard: formerly a Judge of the United States Circuit Court, then Governor of the Philippines, then offered a place on the Supreme Court bench

(which he declined because he felt that his duty to the Filipinos required the declination), now Secretary of War. Mr. Taft delivered in June, 1905, an address before the Yale University Law School, which was published in the Yale Law Journal for November of that year. His denunciation of criminal practice in this country is quite as severe as that of Judge Amidon in his address published in *The Outlook*. Mr. Taft says: "I grieve for my country to say that the administration of the criminal law in all the States in the Union (there may be one or two exceptions) is a disgrace to our civilization. We are now reaching an age when we cannot plead youth, sparse civilization, newness of country, as a cause for laxity in the enforcement of law." He points out some of the reasons for this breaking down of the administration of criminal law in America. Among them are a sentimental tenderness to the accused, accompanied by a forgetfulness of the crime and the community; a limitation put upon the trial judge so that "the function of the judge is limited to that of the moderator in a religious assembly," and "the verdict becomes rather the vote of a town-meeting than the sharp, clear decision of the tribunal of justice;" and especially the right of appeal which is given in every criminal case and "the code of evidence with its complicated rules, the technical statutory limitations, supposed to be in favor of the defendant, and all used as a trap to catch the trial court in some error, however technical, upon which, in appellate proceedings, a reversal of the court below may be asked." And he adds that "the rule which obtains throughout the country is that any error, however small, which it is impossible to show affirmatively did not prejudice the defendant must lead to a reversal of the judgment."

Another of these uninformed gentlemen who have ventured to affirm that the administration of the criminal law has nearly broken down in America, owing to the practice of appellate courts upon appeal, is Judge Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court. In an article in *Leslie's Weekly*, in August, 1903, he counsels the abolition of appeal in crim-

inal cases except where there are special questions of law which demand the consideration of the full bench. The English practice in this respect he commends to the consideration and approval of America:

For nearly a hundred years there was no appeal from the judgment of conviction of criminal cases in our Federal courts, and no review, except in a few cases in which, two judges sitting, a difference of opinion on a question of law was certified to the Supreme Court. In England the rule has been that there was no appeal in criminal cases, although a question of doubt might be reserved by the presiding judge for the consideration of his brethren. The Hon. E. J. Phelps, who was Minister to England during Mr. Cleveland's first administration, once told me that while he was there only two cases were so reserved. Does any one doubt that justice was fully administered by the English courts?

Another judge of the United States Supreme Court who falls under the condemnation of Mr. Moore as uninformed is Judge Brown, who delivered an address on this subject at the annual banquet of the Bar Association in August, 1905, which will be found published in full in the *Green Bag*, Vol. XVII. In this address he recommends the abolition of grand juries except for special investigations, pointing out that they have already been abolished in about one-quarter of the States; greater expedition in trial proceedings and especially in the impaneling of the jury and the elaborate discussions respecting the admissibility of evidence; and he explicitly condemns the rule under which "the judgment is often reversed for error which the law pronounces material, but which could not possibly have affected the verdict." He states in sharp contrast the administration of criminal law in England and America, very much to the credit of the English administration:

A court in conservative old England will dispose of half a dozen jury cases in the time that would be required here in disposing of one. . . . Objections to testimony are discouraged, rarely argued, and almost never made the subject of exception. . . . New trials are rarely granted. A criminal trial especially is a serious business, since in case of a verdict of guilty it is all up with the defendant, and nothing can save him from punishment but the pardoning power of the Home Secretary. The result is that homi-

cides are infrequent and offenders rarely escape punishment for their crimes.

In the Green Bag, Vol. XVIII., the reader who is inclined to pursue this investigation further will find the names of a number of other uninformed persons who agree with Judge Amidon in their criticism of the present American legal procedure. These criticisms apply, it is true, to civil as well as to criminal law, but they are more applicable to criminal than to civil law. A writer in the Green Bag gave an account of the English methods of procedure, urging the adoption by American courts of the rule which prevails in English courts—"that a new trial should not be granted unless, in the opinion of the appellate tribunal, the evidence received or rejected would, if proper ruling were made, bring about a different result." This paper was sent to different lawyers in different States and their opinions asked and obtained. Answers are published from prominent counsel in the States of Maryland, New York, Massachusetts, Colorado, Illinois, and South Carolina. While they differ as to the remedies to be adopted, not one of them suggests that there is no serious abuse to be corrected.

In view of these facts, we think that most readers of The Outlook will agree that in the issue joined between Judge Amidon and The Outlook on the one side and Mr. George Whitney Moore on the other, it is not Judge Amidon or The Outlook that has been uninformed on the subject.

There are two issues between Judge Amidon and Mr. Moore, to which we shall refer later. The first is, What is the American rule respecting minor errors upon the trial? We have no doubt, and we do not think that any one familiar with the course of jurisprudence can doubt, that this rule was stated correctly by Judge Amidon and is stated correctly by Secretary Taft in the quotation given above: "The rule which obtains throughout the country is that any error, however small, which it is impossible to show affirmatively did not prejudice the defendant must lead to a reversal of the judgment." The other is the question of fact. Surprised by the figures given by Mr. Moore

respecting the number of criminal appeals in various States, we have communicated with the clerks of the courts of those States; the result we will give to our readers next week. It must suffice to say here that the result is very different from that indicated by Mr. Moore's evidently partial investigation.



What is Fraternalism?

It is difficult to answer this question, which a correspondent has asked us, because it is difficult to define a spirit, and fraternalism is not a method, it is simply a spirit. In this respect it differs from Socialism, which is also a method. Socialism proposes as a cure for industrial evils that the State shall own the tools and implements of industry. Fraternalism neither proposes nor opposes this industrial method. It differs also from democracy, because democracy is a method as well as a spirit. The oldest ideal of democracy is that furnished by the Hebrew Commonwealth, as outlined in the Old Testament. As there outlined, it involves popular suffrage, government organized in three departments—legislative, executive, and judicial—no hereditary class, no standing army, industry honored and promoted, some provision for popular education, a church dependent upon the unenforced contributions of the people, a priesthood forbidden to acquire wealth and the power which wealth confers. These and analogous provisions are all methods for promoting the general welfare. The New Testament neither proposes nor opposes these and kindred methods. It simply commends, urges, inspires, and illustrates a spirit of human brotherhood.

To analyze a spirit is impossible. To describe it without some approach to analysis is also impossible. Analysis is requisite; and yet analysis must necessarily be incomplete and inadequate.

Fraternalism involves mutual respect of class for class, race for race, church for church, individual for individual. It involves mutual interest, regard for the welfare of others, looking not upon one's own things only but on the things of one's neighbor, a desire for his prosperity, a

regret for his misfortune. It involves rejoicing with those who rejoice and weeping with those who weep. It involves pity for their sorrows, mercy for their errors and their sins, sharing with them their misfortunes, bearing for them their burdens. It involves helping the lame, the halt, and the blind, and endeavoring to redeem and recover from their wrong-doing the criminal. Fraternalism is co-operation, combination, fellowship, uniting with one's fellows in government, in philanthropy, in industry, in order to promote the common welfare. Fraternalism is the parable of the Faithful Steward, the parable of the Good Samaritan, the parable of the Prodigal Son—for fraternalism is illustrated in that parable antithetically by the spirit of the elder brother. Fraternalism is to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. It is to love one's neighbor as one's self. It is to give with simplicity, to rule with diligence, to show mercy with cheerfulness, to be inspired with a love that is without false pretense, to be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another. It is to be of the same mind one toward another; to mind not high things, but to condescend to men of low estate.

We may illustrate the spirit of fraternalism by indicating both some of its tendencies and some contrary tendencies, to be seen in our American life. The spirit of fraternalism in the Anglo-Saxon sees in the sunny cheerfulness of the negro, in the love of the beautiful in the Italian, in the patience of the Chinese, qualities to be respected, emulated, borrowed. Fraternalism in America looks across the sea and shares the sufferings of the oppressed negro in the Congo and of the persecuted Jew in Russia, and it shares sympathetically in the eagerness, the anxieties, the hopes and the fears of the Russian peasantry struggling toward justice and liberty. It looks across the chasm which separates class from class, and understands, or seeks to understand, the reasons which animate the workingman in his demand for better wages and shorter hours, the tenement-house dweller in his demand for better conditions of life, the negro in

his demand for the open door of opportunity for himself and for his children. Fraternalism organizes the social settlement, and lives in the neighborhood and with the companionship of the poor, that it may understand their needs and help them to a larger life. Fraternalism converts punishment from a process of revenge to a process of reform, turns the prison into a penitentiary, the county jail into a reform school, and makes the judge upon the bench the guardian of the unkempt, untrained boys who are brought before him. Fraternalism joins the hand of labor and of capital, of employer and employed, in a cordial grasp, and makes them partners in a common industry for their common benefit. Fraternalism in the church honors the spirit of faith and hope and love in other churches. It is catholic in its faith; it recognizes the truth that no sect possesses all the piety or all the knowledge; and it honors the piety and the knowledge in other sects.

The clergy of all denominations can render no higher service to the present age than to learn by a study of the New Testament what is the meaning of fraternalism; to obtain by fellowship with Christ the spirit of fraternalism; and to teach to their congregations the principles and to inspire in their congregations the spirit expressed in the words of Christ, "All ye are brethren."



The Spectator

From Perugia to Assisi is but a two hours' drive. Yet in so small a distance the Spectator felt the total change of the mind, if not the skies—*animam, non cælum*. The carriage passed through the massive arch of the towering, engirdling wall, and the city of the Baglioni, of Raphael and Perugino, of bloody street wars and calm Madonnas, those astonishing contradictions that were the commonplaces of the Renaissance, was left behind. *Augusta Perusia*—what a violent, luxurious, treacherous, cruel, beauty-worshipping past whispers through every street! The great Piazza of Perugia has been drenched in blood, every stone of it. The solemn Duomo, rising

above Pisano's fountain, was once washed out with wine by one of the last of the turbulent Baglioni brood, to purify it after twenty-seven of the bodies of his kindred had lain slaughtered in its very aisles. Over the huddled tiled roofs this same Gesu-Paolo Baglioni escaped in the dawn from the murderers, chief of whom was his own cousin. In the narrow street at the side, young Astorre Baglioni, on his horse, held the passage against twenty armed enemies; and warrior and horse, striking alike in their fury of battle, gave Raphael the remembered inspiration for his St. George, years later. If ever life were lived in a tangle, it was in Perugia. Yet the road from it, only fifteen miles long, leads on to the "Seraphic City," the earthly home of the simple life *par excellence*, the Assisi of Brother Francis and Sister Clare, where Peace folded her mantle over every hill, and the very birds and fishes came to pray at the hermitage doors. It would be hard to find a greater change of air, spiritually speaking, in any fifteen miles on the earth's surface.

With all that, Brother Francis of Assisi was still the most human of saints. It is not the sanctity of Assisi that wins the soul of the visitor to assent, but the humanity of the saint's holiness, which crops up everywhere and will not be denied. S. Maria degli Angeli, the outpost of the Seraphic City, is as big and bare and tawdry a church as ever an irreverent tourist visits in a hurry. But flippancy pauses rebuked in S. Maria degli Angeli, because in its nave stands the humble, appealing Portiuncula—Brother Francis's own little church, his "little portion," where he and his companions toiled in the founding of the order. It is as brown and rough as a cocoon, and the frescoes on its gables and the votive offerings strung in a line round its eaves only accentuate its plainness. It is the kind of church that a child draws on a slate and forgets to put the windows in. Inside, two brown old peasant women were praying before a tiny altar. The Spectator's Protestant knees, instead of stiffening as usual, felt singularly yielding, and this tendency continued as the friendly Franciscan brother in charge led the way to the

little infirmary, now turned into another tiny chapel, where Francis died. The other infirmaries, the brother explained, had been torn down when the great church was built over the cradle of the brotherhood. But this was preserved, and here was the shrunken wood of the old door, and its ironwork, and here in the wall was the cupboard where the saint kept medicines, and this was the cord with which he was girded, with its threefold knot. There was nothing splendid about these simple relics, no setting of gold or silver, no lifting up and bowing down. The humility and homeliness of it was like a perfume persisting through the centuries. Some saints have been spoiled by the Church's exploiting of them; but Brother Francis refuses to be exploited. "Relics? no," explained the friar. "Like Christ—no relics." The knotted cord, the hair shirt, some handwriting, a crucifix—that is all Assisi has to show.

The Spectator confesses to a great weakness for the Franciscan brothers. They are all, as far as he found them in this home of the brotherhood, friendly and humble. One of them, at S. Maria degli Angeli, had been in America—yes, even as far as Texas. As one who could speak English, he showed the Spectator's party the cell and the rose-garden of Francis, and gave them each a brightly colored little souvenir card with a pressed rose-leaf on it. He was the only one, however, who spoke English, as far as the Spectator's experience went, and his English was about equal to the Spectator's Italian. There were rumors of a most accomplished brother up at the hermitage who had been all over America and spoke its tongue with fluency; but he was a receding myth, never come up with.

The Spectator went to Assisi, frankly, for Brother Francis and Sister Clare. There were no yearnings for Giotto or Dante in his mind. But the ladies of the party had other enthusiasms; and all enthusiasms are contagious. The Spectator therefore visited and revisited the Giotto's, Cimabue's, Giotto's, Martinas, and the rest, in the upper church,

lower church, Santa Chiara, and San Damiano, and was enabled to enjoy and to be educated at the same time. To tell what a Giotto may have been, after it has faded, scaled off, been restored, faded and scaled again, been re-restored, and *aa capo*, requires powers of reconstructive imagination which are far beyond the Spectator; but the quaint loveliness of design and reverence of treatment can be understood, at any rate. There is in the upper church a delightful fresco of Brother Francis preaching to the birds, in which everything is faded almost to the same color, birds, trees, Francis, and all; and a man climbing a tree to see Clare and her nuns in the funeral procession of Francis, that is as naïve as the woodcuts of Zaccheus in the New England Primer. As decoration, the frescoes are wonderfully rich, and the effect of the middle church, with its blues and reds and dull gold, in the dim religious light, is an unforgettable thing. No wonder that Assisi has been infested with artists these many years.



But the big pictured churches are not Assisi the Seraphic. Brother Francis never had a church big enough to swing a cat in. It would have been against his principles—and, besides, he was too fond of cats, the Spectator is sure, as of all other animals. The places to realize him are out on the hills and down at tiny San Damiano, which he rebuilt for Clare and her nuns with his own hands, carrying the stones himself down a road which the Spectator can testify is long and hot at noon. St. Clare's body lies stiff and shrunken, in its dark monastic habit, in the crypt of the big church built in her honor up in the town; but the reality of her life abides down in San Damiano. Young and rich, even as Francis, she, like him, broke away from all ties, and gave herself to the strictest rule of austerity with the same inner joy of heart. One thing shines out through all the centuries—that the saints of Assisi were happy and loving souls all around. The companions of Francis were tenderly loved by him, and Clare and her nuns have the same charm of simplicity and affection. Not that

she was not great and firm of soul—a woman who, armed only with the sacred host, went out to meet the Saracens on the plain, turned them back, and saved her city, was no milk-and-water personage. But on the side of the bare-walled little oratory, with its ancient rickety wooden seats, where the body of Francis was brought after his death, and services held, Clare had a niche made, just as tall as he was—Brother Francis was a small man—and had painted in it, rudely, his full-length figure. The Spectator looked in, to behold, not a monk, worn and ascetic, but the faded, half-effaced figure of a young lad, handsome and smiling under his locks of bright hair. “It was as when the blessed St. Francis was young,” explained the brother. One likes to think of Clare growing old among her nuns, practicing the austere rule, yet with that same youth in her heart that shone in the picture in the niche. The seraphs are eternally young, and the seraphic life must hold the same secret.



Better even than San Damiano is the hermitage in the ravine, far up above the town. Baedeker does not star it, but mentions it in an afterthought way, in small print—“one and a half hours on foot, one hour with a donkey.” Whether Brother Francis could have gotten into friendly relations with the donkey that carried one of the Spectator's party is an insoluble question. It certainly seemed an animal past praying for. The donkey-boy, highly recommended as English-speaking, but with only one word, apparently, in his entire vocabulary—“*Si*”—in purest Italian, was evidently entirely discouraged as to his beast, and showed no surprise when it refused to go up steep places, or took the outside edge in going down. It brayed, it balked, it did its best to spoil the day; but it could not. As the path went up and up, the Umbrian plain broadened and the further hills came more and more into view, with enchanting misty blues. The Orte, dwindled to summer width in its wide yellow bed, curved in broad sweeps across the rich plain far below the town. The citadel lay in peaceful sunshine on its commanding rock. At the turn of the path near

the hermitage, a wayside cross of stone, perfectly plain and bare, stood out on a square base. A wreath of half-withered buttercups, loosely twined, lay round it, plucked from the path below near the spring. Simplicity, devotion, homeliness—it was Assisi incarnate.

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The young monk at the hermitage, brown, bright-eyed, clean, and smiling, and the fat, jolly lay brother, who drew water from the well and gathered wild snapdragon for the ladies of the party, were alike simple and friendly, and alike totally ignorant of a word of anything but Italian. Two sleek cats lay in the sun against the courtyard wall. Nothing more primitive than the hermitage can be imagined. Brother Francis

climbed here to pray and meditate, sleeping in a natural cave in the hillside. His companions followed—Benedict, Leo, Ruffino, and the rest. The spring of clear water, the deep ravine below, the ferny woods, the birds singing in them, are all as they were when Francis lay on the bare rock in his tiny cell, or cast the devil down into the torrent for disturbing his prayers. One understands afresh in this calm mountain retreat the Cantic of the Sun and the marriage with Lady Poverty. Brother Francis has been called “the only Christian since Christ.” Certainly, of all the saints, he remains the most winsome and the most consistent, and the Spectator is glad of every hour that was passed in the Seraphic City of Francis and Clare.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

A CHARACTER STUDY

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE career of Mr. William Jennings Bryan is, so far as I recall, without a parallel in American political history. Comparatively unknown, by a single speech he captured the Democratic Convention in June, 1896, and woke up to find himself world famous as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency on a new issue. In the election which followed he was defeated; in the election four years later he was still more disastrously defeated; again four years later his adherents were beaten in the Convention of his party. And yet to-day, despite these successive defeats, a spontaneous popular movement proclaims him as the logical if not the necessary candidate of his party, and the organs of the party which has been in power continuously, save for two terms, for more than forty years, are seriously discussing the question where they shall find a candidate to nominate against him. This is a phenomenon which deserves thoughtful consideration by the student of current history.

The individualism which was the dominant philosophy at the close of the

eighteenth century demanded that government should exercise the least functions consistent with the preservation of law and order, and that industry should be left absolutely untrammelled in a free and unrestricted competition. Under this philosophy there has grown up in democratic America the most powerful plutocracy the world has ever known. The public believes that shrewd financiers have sometimes made from one to five million dollars in a single day by a skillful combination. They believe that one individual has acquired in fifty years approximately four hundred million dollars—that is, an average earning of over \$25,000 for every working day in each year. Newspaper reports are notoriously exaggerated, but if these figures are cut in two they are sufficient to excite both envy and alarm. Money is power; and the country has seen these money kings owning the Nation's system of highways, controlling its lights, its fuel, its meat products, its sugar, and endeavoring, with at least occasional successes, to control its wheat and corn and its currency. A plutocratic democracy is a

contradiction in terms; and the philosophers have clearly seen what the masses have keenly felt, that democracy itself was in peril.

The anti-slavery issue, the Civil War, and the issues growing out of that war for a time absorbed public attention. The voice of the philosopher was inaudible; the voice of the agitator was unheeded. But the fire smoldered, and only needed a vent to burst into flame. William Jennings Bryan gave it that vent. The people require in their leaders two qualities: power to interpret the popular demand, and power to give voice to the popular passion. William Jennings Bryan did both. "What we need is an Andrew Jackson to stand, as Jackson stood, against the encroachments of organized wealth;" that interpreted the popular demand. "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold;" that gave voice to the popular passion.

It is not necessary for me to discuss the question whether the remedy which Mr. Bryan proposed was adequate, whether it would have weakened or strengthened the power of the plutocracy, whether it would have emancipated labor or delayed the day of its emancipation. The country rejected that remedy in 1896; it rejected that remedy still more decisively in 1900; and Mr. Bryan himself admits that, as a result of changed conditions, the remedy is not at present to be urged. The Spanish-American War temporarily turned public attention from National to international problems. Democracy never considers more than one question at a time. But democracy did not abandon its demand, and its passion was dormant, not extinguished. In the defeat of free silver Bryanism was not defeated, for free silver and Bryanism are not synonymous. On the contrary, when Mr. Roosevelt, disregarding the advice of counselors who wished him to let well enough alone, summoned the people to support him in a campaign to bring the highways under public control, the response was prompt and quite adequate to overawe reluctant politicians. Mr. Roosevelt's unparalleled popularity with the plain people of both parties and

all classes is due to their belief that in him they have found an Andrew Jackson to stand against the encroachments of wealth.

But it is certain that the people have no notion that all has been done that needs to be done. There is comparatively little envy in America of the wealthy merely because they are wealthy. There is comparatively little demand by the fairly paid hand laborer that either the wages of the higher-priced brain laborer shall be so brought down, or his own wage shall be so increased, as to make the two incomes equal. In short, there is, as yet, comparatively little of either Socialism or Anarchism in America. But Americans are not satisfied merely to have the highways relegated to governmental regulation, and the purveyors of food products compelled to obey the laws of decency in their processes. The people do not resent wealth, but they do resent predatory wealth. They would not despoil their neighbor of any property honestly acquired; but they would despoil him of the power to monopolize any of the avenues of trade or to control any of the functions of government. To compel plutocracy to act decently is not enough; they wish to destroy plutocracy and re-establish democracy—perhaps I should say to establish, for the first time in the world's history, a democracy of industry. And they are quietly but none the less eagerly asking, What next?

It is at this juncture that Mr. Bryan reappears upon the scene. Mr. Roosevelt cannot be the leader two years hence owing to his own refusal. No other leader in the Republican party has as yet indicated any further step in the campaign against plutocracy. In the Democratic party Mr. Bryan stands comparatively alone. Mr. Hearst postures as an apostle of *quasi* Socialism, but the distrust of Mr. Hearst is widespread and ineradicable. Mr. Bryan has declared himself in favor, not merely of the regulation of monopoly, but of its complete overthrow. Not the regulation but the overthrow of monopoly is the popular demand. Can this be accomplished without an industrial revolution which will whelm laborer and capitalist

alike in a common ruin? The people are waiting to hear Mr. Bryan's answer to this question. How far his speech on Thursday evening of last week gives an answer The Outlook considers elsewhere.

Mr. Bryan has many qualities which fit him for a popular leader. He has an engaging personality. He has a frank and open countenance, which I believe to be the outward symbol of a frank and open spirit. He has broad human sympathies, understands the plain people, and shares their hopes and fears. He is animated by high ideals; has strong convictions and the courage of his convictions, and the un-American virtue of perseverance in them under repeated defeat. And he has the orator's art; he can give effectual and inspiring expression to the half-formed convictions and the undirected passions of his auditors.

But these qualities alone do not make a great statesman. They make a preacher, a lecturer, a moral reformer, perhaps a legislator. But a statesman must have other qualities. He must not only have high ideals, he must also have good judgment in choosing wise methods for the realization of those ideals. He must be skilled not merely in expressing popular sentiment, but in constructing practicable measures for its execution. He must be able not only to interpret the public demand, but also to show the public how that demand can be achieved; not only powerful to give voice to public passion, but wise to restrain and to direct it. He must know when an issue is dead and not try to raise it from the dead, when a question is settled and not try to unsettle it. He must realize that in a democracy leaders do not make issues, they only discover them, and he must be able both to discover the issue which men are debating with themselves and to focus public attention upon the problem and direct it to a solution. He must understand men, and all sorts of men, and be able to work with them, guiding them to the same conclusion though by a great variety of arguments and through the influence of a great diversity of motives. He must be able to touch pitch and not be defiled; must be part of a great ma-

chine and yet not dependent upon it nor mastered by it. Has Mr. Bryan these qualities? So far he has not manifested them. He appears to me to belong rather to the oratorical than to the executive type; to be an O'Connell rather than a Parnell, a Patrick Henry rather than an Alexander Hamilton, a Wendell Phillips rather than an Abraham Lincoln.

Here I might close this "character study," but I am inclined to add to it a word of forecast. Both the Republican and the Democratic parties are divided into two hostile wings. These wings are kept together less by coherence in principle than by personal fellowship and a common tradition; and the latter is a constantly weakening bond. In one wing of the Republican party are the representatives of special interests, strengthened by conservative adherents to the established order; in the other are advocates of an industrial reform, but by a gradual and evolutionary process. In one wing of the Democratic party are the representatives of special interests, strengthened by a traditional faith in the philosophy of individualism; in the other are advocates of industrial reform by radical and instantaneous measures. If the Republican party in 1908 should nominate a representative of the old order, and the Democratic party, dominated by its progressive wing, should nominate Mr. Bryan, on a platform somewhat more conservative than his speech, the same transfer of Republican votes which elected Mr. Douglas in Massachusetts, Mr. Pattison in Ohio, and Mr. Folk in Missouri would elect Mr. Bryan to the Presidency. If the Republican party should nominate a candidate identified in the public mind with the Roosevelt policies, and pledged by his character and past history to carry on the campaign against plutocratic control, and the Democratic party, dominated by the old spirit of individualism, should nominate a candidate of the old Democracy, the latter would be defeated by the same overwhelming public sentiment which defeated Mr. Parker in 1904 and has just defeated Mr. Clark Howell in Georgia.

THE WESTERN WORLD IN CONFERENCE¹

SOUTHWARD BOUND ON SUMMER SEAS

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

Special Representative of The Outlook at the Pan-American Conference

"TO South America in midsummer! What are you thinking of?"

"But Rio de Janeiro is in the southern hemisphere. Our summer-time is their winter."

"Oh, to be sure! But how about getting there? It will be steaming hot on the tropical ocean! I don't envy you the voyage."

The above, in substance, reproduces what numerous friends remarked when I told them I was going to the Brazilian capital for the Pan-American Conference. Previous experiences on tropical waters had left me little fear on that score. But I had never fared beyond the equator, and I thought we might possibly encounter some excessive heat in those latitudes. Now, at the end of the voyage, I know that for steady exemption from hot-weather discomforts there is nothing to be compared with an ocean trip across the torrid zone. Doubtless one should choose his ocean. The Red Sea has its terrors, and so has the Persian Gulf. But the Atlantic is a safe selection. Of oppressive temperatures and sweltering airs there are none.

At midday, July 2, the British steamship Byron dropped down New York Bay in the face of a soft south wind. By mid-afternoon we had lost the land, and a large school of whales was sporting around us. Our course lay almost

straight for Cape St. Roque. Not a sail in sight. The next day one vessel. Then not a craft to be seen till our landfall, thirteen days later. Mid-ocean, off the beaten tracks, has few traces of human presence.

But we are never lonesome. There is so much to see and do. To enjoy the weather is almost sufficient occupation. We talk about it, of course. "What a fine day!" That is the inevitable morning greeting. We like to remind ourselves of our blessings. Every day is a fine day—each different enough to give it distinctive character.

A day beyond Bermuda the trade-winds begin, caressing the sea like a constant lover. There is never a cloudless sky; the clouds, hanging low, populate the air in friendly congregations. Now and then a shower spills itself about us for a few minutes, dallies with a rainbow, and passes on. Part of a day may be overcast, but it is not the sullen gray that, in high latitudes, means raw airs. Here chilly winds are unknown. In this excellent atmosphere we may sit all day in the lively breeze of the weather-side without the rugs and wraps of the turbulent North Atlantic passage, and we dress as lightly as we please. Neither is the obligatory coat at meal-times the unreasonable penance paid to tyrant Fashion that it is in our northern summers, when men pant smotheringly through dinner and sigh for reduction to negligé shirts. Due exercise on deck—walking and the shipboard games—is not fatiguing. Rest and reading are also blissful. The voyage is anodyne for tired humanity. And there are nearly three blessed weeks of it; enough to do one good. All this without storm or fear of storm.

¹ With this article begins the story of Mr. Baxter's visit to South America as the representative of The Outlook, with the double purpose of attending the important Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro and of observation in other political, commercial, and social centers of South America. A preliminary article appeared in The Outlook of July 21 last. The present article will be followed in The Outlook of September 15 by one on "Three Brazilian Landfalls," and in the issue of September 22 by an illustrated article on "Rio de Janeiro and the Conference," later will appear other articles in this series.—
THE EDITORS.

The sun being on the way back from the Tropic of Cancer only for a few days, we reach the "doldrums"—the belt of calms, light airs, and variable winds—about nine degrees north of the equator. Even here, though perceptibly warmer, the weather is not hot. In the intervals of calm the steamer's movement supplies the desired breeze; electric fans and good ventilation keep the cabins comfortable.

The doldrums last but a day. Then we enter the brisk southeast trades, the wind now blowing almost in our teeth.

Who says a sea voyage is monotonous? A ship is a busy place; there is always something to do, for passengers as well as for crew. Mr. Buchanan, the Chairman of the American delegation to the Conference, had dreaded to take the direct route from New York to Rio, instead of making the customary detour to Europe and thence by the big liners, voyaging two sides of a rather acute triangle. But all fear of possible discomfort soon vanished. The *Byron* and her sister ship, the *Tennyson*, have the lines of a yacht. In comparison with the huge transatlantic liners they seem more like the great steam-yachts affected by multi-millionaires. The gigantic floating hotels of the North Atlantic have their many points of excellence, luxurious extras most desirable to mitigate the disturbing passage of the "roaring forties." But they are conducive to the charming sociability of the traditional ocean voyage hardly more than are the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria comparable with the congeniality of a club-house filled with good fellows.

When it comes to ten equable weeks of summer seas and tropic airs, give me the moderate-sized liner, with her passenger list to correspond. The *Byron's* full complement of less than forty in the saloon seems much like a prolonged house party—with the difference that when that number of persons chance to come together from contiguous social levels they mutually adapt themselves by a sort of natural selection perhaps better than is possible with any company that even the most tactful of hosts or hostesses could choose.

In our case, distinctive color is given by the members of the American delegation, together with its staff, who came by this route. With Mr. Buchanan are his wife and his son Donald; with Professor Reinsch comes his wife; and with Mr. Larrinaga his daughter. Mr. Charles Ray Dean, Chief of the State Department's Bureau of Appointments, is Secretary of the delegation, and of invaluable service. Mr. Williams C. Fox, the capable Director of the Bureau of American Republics, also takes the direct route. While the majority of the delegation has thus an opportunity to organize the programme and get everything in order ready for the meeting of the Conference, the two other delegates, Professor Rowe and Governor Montague, coming by way of England in company with delegates from Brazil, Mexico, Ecuador, San Salvador, and Cuba, profit much by getting in touch with Latin-American sentiment. The members of the delegation staff on the *Byron* are Mr. Frank Joannini, the official interpreter, a highly accomplished linguist; Mr. Neighbor, the official stenographer and Assistant Secretary of the delegation; Mr. Montgomery, of the expert staff of the Bureau of American Republics—of long experience in Mexico and a master of Spanish—who has been loaned by Director Fox as Clerk of the delegation; Mr. N. L. Stone, the tariff expert of the Bureau of Manufactures in the Department of Commerce and Labor, who comes detailed for special service at the Conference. Brazil, as host, has the privilege of appointing the secretaries of the Conference. One of these, Mr. J. L. Starr Hunt, comes this way from Mexico with his wife and young son. Mr. Hunt, a prominent American attorney practicing in the Mexican capital, was appointed both for his knowledge of international law and because he is a master linguist, not only speaking French, German, Spanish, and Italian with the greatest facility, but uncommonly well informed in the literatures of those tongues. With Mr. Montgomery—the two aided by young Brazilian fellow-passengers—he has acquired a good working knowledge of Portuguese during the voyage. It is not a difficult task; no two languages

are more closely akin than Castilian and Portuguese. In these two Iberian variants words and grammar are almost identical, and the differences in pronunciation and orthography are not radical.

Naturally, it is not an idle voyage. The delegates come together frequently for consultation as to their programme and to decide upon matters likely to arise at the Conference. They are therefore ready to go into the sessions thoroughly prepared. Every member of the delegation is specially qualified for his task, and the same is true of the staff. It will, therefore, not be the fault of the American members if the Conference fails to accomplish positive results in the five weeks to which its sessions are limited.

There are four journalists on the *Byron*—Mr. Philip H. Patchin, of the *New York Sun's* Washington staff; Mr. Rea Bennett, of the *New York Herald* (also secretary of Mr. Polk, of the delegation, Mr. Polk, detained at the last minute, coming later); Mr. W. J. Johnston, publisher of the *American Exporter*; and *The Outlook's* correspondent. Others come by other steamers.

Interesting passengers are the youths from Brazil and Argentina returning home either for the vacation or from completed courses of study in Europe or the States. There are well-equipped collegiate institutions and professional schools in both countries. But all parents who can afford it almost invariably send their sons abroad, not only to enjoy the superior advantages to be had in Europe and the United States, particularly in the way of linguistic opportunities and technical studies, but for the sake of the cosmopolitan influences. One young Brazilian is returning to enter into active life after several years of study abroad. He has been at school in France, Germany, and England, and speaks the three languages perfectly, with barely the suggestion of an accent. In England he had studied electric engineering, and has taken a supplementary course in the States. His father, a Brazilian nobleman, is one of the great landed proprietors. Our fellow-voyager is a clean-cut, modest, self-contained, and thoroughly likable young fellow. One

could wish for Brazil no better fortune than to have its future intrusted to hands such as his. A young Argentinian of French paternity is taking the agricultural course at Cornell; another of American and British parentage is studying architecture at Harvard. Both are permanently identified with their cosmopolitan country, and their studies are with reference to their careers at home.

Time on shipboard passes quickly with talk, games in the smoking-room and sports on deck, reading and music. There is much novel-reading. But some, too busy on shore, have brought more substantial books along to do some desired back reading. Some brush up their Spanish, and others are dipping into Portuguese. The meals seem to be much closer together than on land, and appetites are universally good.

As we approach the equator the coming of Neptune is looked for. The time-honored custom has by no means passed with the development of steam navigation. It is not so universal now, to be sure; crews are no longer so homogeneous as they were. Being of so many different nationalities, with temperaments to correspond, they cannot always be intrusted with the license necessary to the occasion. But it is still the regular thing in the navy, and on various great trans-equatorial passenger lines the custom is often observed.

On the *Byron*, some days before, a proclamation from his Imperial Majesty, "Lord of the Waters and Sovereign of the Seven Seas," countersigned by "Amfibio, Lord High Chamberlain and Keeper of the Trident," had warned all southward-faring mortals that they were to cross the line on "our auspicious day of fortune and good luck, Friday, the 13th of July," and to hold themselves in readiness for the ordeal of initiation into the mysteries of Neptune's realm. The momentous day was celebrated with a tournament of equatorial sports, for which various handsome prizes—cups and other trophies—were offered by Mr. Buchanan. A bulletin signed by a deputation from Neptune—"Old Sea Dog, C. Shellback, and U. Shellback"—had announced that Neptune and his Court would board the ship at eight o'clock in the evening. In the

midst of dinner a great commotion was heard outside. Suddenly the lights went out, and there dashed into the saloon the lithe figure of "his Satanic Majesty," accompanying Neptune's Secretary. Lit by the sputtering gleam of a slow-match, the Mephisto-like figure was seen to be costumed in a manner worthy of Gounod's opera. Captain Cadogan, being asked for, was informed that Neptune was soon to come on board. Soon after dinner Neptune and his suite appeared on the forward main deck, having hailed the ship and, in the darkness, seeming to have come up over the side. Headed by the "band"—one of the quartermasters, a German-Russian from Riga, playing "Everybody Works but Father" on a concertina—the majestic procession made the round of the promenade deck, and halted on the port side aft. The Monarch of the Ocean, in his imperial robes, with trident and pointed crown, hempen hair and beard, seated himself and took command of the ship, his suite about him, the Captain standing before him and at his service.

The actors had been at work on their costumes for several days. They proved to be admirably improvised. The following "cast" shows the traditional make-up of the performance, substantially as enacted for two or three centuries past:

Neptune	A Quartermaster
Neptune's Wife.....	An Irish deck hand
Neptune's Secretary.....	The Ship's Purser
The Court Doctor.....	The Ship's Surgeon
The Devil.....	The Chief Cook
Sindbad the Sailor.....	The Baker
Old Man of the Sea }	The Cabin Boy
(on Sindbad's back) }	
The Barber.....	The Chief Steward
The Barber's Assistant..	The Bath Steward
Two Executioners.....	{ The Boatswain
	{ A Sailor
	{ Two Sailors
Ocean Police..	{ Two Passengers (immune,
	{ having crossed the line)
Members of Suite.....	{ The Butcher
	{ The Second Cook

This indicates the democracy of the occasion, the ship's officers, crew, and passengers all standing on an equal footing. We "candidates," having been duly warned, had taken precautions to appear in appropriate costume—pajamas, athletic running dress (shirt and short drawers), or any old clothes that

came handy. In the soft tropic sea-air there was no fear of any chill as we stood in waiting, however lightly clad. Passengers for any reason disinclined to undergo the ordeal were permitted to purchase exemption on payment of one dollar. But seven of us were ready to take the whole thing for the sake of the experience and the fun of it, however strenuous the prospect. The Captain presented his Imperial Majesty with a list of passengers who had not crossed the line. There was some doubt as to whether Mr. Larrinaga should be included.

"Policeman!" cried the Secretary.

One of Neptune's "finest," the initials "O. P." on the turned-up rim of his sou'wester, stepped forward. "Go fetch Mr. Larrinaga," the Secretary ordered.

The delegate from Porto Rico came forward. Closely cross-questioned by his Majesty, he explained how he had crossed the line in 1856, naming the vessel.

"I do not know that ship," grimly remarked the monarch.

The prospect for Mr. Larrinaga began to look dark. But Captain Cadogan interceded: "I can vouch for Mr. Larrinaga," he said. "He must be all right if he says so."

So the honored Don Tulio was graciously passed. Others were successively sent for. Some pleaded ill health; one had scraped his knee in the potato-race. The doctor gravely felt them over, pounded them, made them show their tongues. Exemption penalties having been duly imposed, the initiation proceedings began. The first candidate was conducted to the steerage deck and was seated on the rim of a big tank—a sail held between two spars and filled with sea-water. A large reflector with electric glow-lamps suspended above the tank brilliantly lit the scene for the spectators looking on from the deck above as from a theater gallery. The doctor handed the victim a glass of something bitter—quinine in water, to prevent any possible chill. Then the barber appeared with his lather (flour-paste) and asked a question, "A close shave, sir?"

The opening of the candidate's mouth to respond was the signal for a thrust

from a huge brushful of the stuff, followed by a generous lathering preliminary to a shave of three or four strokes from a big wooden razor in the hands of the barber's assistant. Then, without warning, came a vigorous push from the two "executioners." The candidate turned a complete somersault backward into the tepid sea-water—really, a pleasant bath despite the sudden immersion! Then came a deluging shower from the ship's hose; it was like the bursting of a waterspout. Amidst applause and laughter from above, the candidate emerged, a duly accredited subject of Neptune. The others followed in quick succession; the Secretary of the delegation, the Director, the Sun correspondent—the Herald's representative was an experienced sea-dog and a veteran of the Line—Master Jack Hunt (a plucky boy, ready for everything going), the Clerk of the delegation, and the young representative of one of the biggest machinery trusts in the States. The regular ceremony over, the members of Neptune's suite, according to invariable custom, all proceeded to duck each other—perhaps symbolizing the return to their native element! No one ventured to lay hands upon Neptune. Respect for royalty's person was maintained. Moreover, the impersonation

was a particularly tall and husky quartermaster. The dye-stuff from the costumes turned the water in the tank turbid and inky. Then some of the actors gathered on the promenade deck and sang for the passengers. "Mrs. Neptune" scored a hit with "Finnegan's Wake," and our particular chamber steward developed a strikingly true and sympathetic tenor. Commenting on the democratic freedom of the occasion, one of the passengers remarked: "Under the circumstances, a little latitude has to be given." The humor may have been unconscious. But, considering that our latitude was zero, it was a capital jest.

"Did you note how the Devil was one of the characters?" remarked a philosophic commentator. "There was really no motive for dragging him in. But he is invariably a character of the old-time mystery plays, also of the Spanish 'pastariles,' and the like. Doesn't that indicate a very ancient derivation for this Neptune drama?"

We afterwards learned that the Charleston had had a most elaborate Neptune day. Out of four hundred odd there were over three hundred initiated, including not a few ensigns, lieutenants, and other officers. Among the characters were two "mermaids" enacted by comely youths.

CHRIST'S SECRET OF HAPPINESS

VIII.—THE VISION OF GOD

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

THERE is a great difference between knowing God and knowing about God.

Two boys grow up in the same village and attend the same school. The first one is the son of a shopkeeper. He leaves school at the end of the grammar school period and enters his father's store. He loves his father, reverences his father, desires to work with his father, to be in his father's companionship, to relieve his father of burdens and of cares, to walk in his father's steps, and event-

ually fill his father's place in the community and keep his father's name honored. He knows his father, but he has never studied moral philosophy, and he has no theory of parental duty or filial obligation. The other boy, an orphan, works his own way through school, then goes to college, works his way through college, then takes a post-graduate course in philosophy, becomes a recognized authority, and teaches in some great university what is the historical origin of the family, how it grew up through the gradual process of evolution to the pres-

ent status, how the animal instincts have developed in man into spiritual life, and what, philosophically, is the basis of parental and filial obligation. He knows all about fatherhood, but he has never known a father.

The first boy is Piety ; the second boy is Theology. Piety knows God ; Theology knows, or thinks it knows, about God.

The pure in heart, says Christ, see God. So later to his disciples he says : "Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him : but ye know him ; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." The pure in heart may not know about God ; they may have no definition of him, they may not be able to give a catalogue of his attributes, they may not be able even to answer the question whether he is a personal God or not, they may have no knowledge which they can formulate, none which they can define. But to them God is an experience ; he dwells in them ; they see God. They have gone up into the mountain-top and talked with him face to face. He is not a hypothetical Creator devised to account for the phenomenon of creation ; he is not a being proved by argumentation to exist. They may never have read Carlyle, but his scorn of a hypothetical God expresses their profound but unexpressed feeling : "Above all things *proof* of a God ? A *probable* God ! The smallest of Finites struggling to *prove* to itself, that is to say, if we will consider it, to picture-out and arrange as diagram, and *include* within itself, the Highest Infinite ; in *which*, by hypothesis, *it* lives, and moves, and has its being !" Their deepest faith in a living, indwelling God, their Friend, their Great Companion, would find its expression in Carlyle's vigorous utterance of his faith : "The Eternal is no Simulacrum ; God is not only There, but Here or nowhere, in that life-breath of thine, in that act and thought of thine,—and thou wert wise to look to it."

To such a one proof of a God seems as idle as proof of a mother to a child clasped in its mother's arms, or proof of

love to the two lovers who have just plighted their troth to each other. To such all argument of the question, Does God answer prayer ? seems as idle as to a child would seem the question whether he can talk with his father or not. Prayer is not a message by wireless telegraphy to some unknown station, remote, invisible, from which some wireless answer may return. Prayer is not a check presented at a bank calling for money to be paid out over the counter at sight or after three days or thirty days of waiting. Prayer is the communion of spirit with spirit. The answer is a new inspiration of courage to meet danger ; of patience to take up anew the burden of life ; of hope to exorcise the spirit of despair. To one who thus sees God and communes with God the companionship of the Great Companion is the most real, the most intimate, the most certain experience of his life.

Into this companionship with God the soul comes not by much study, but by high and holy living. We understand our neighbor only as we feel what he feels and purpose what he purposes. We understand God only as in these sources of our being we are at one with him. Not to intellectual acumen, not to great scholarship, but to purity of intention and purity of imagination, to singleness of purpose, cleanness of thought, and tenderness of feeling, is God revealed. We come to the vision of him as we grow into oneness with him, and we grow into oneness with him by purposing what he purposes. If it is true that we shall be like him when we see him as he is, it is also true that we see him as he is only as we are like him. "Ye are," says Paul, "the temple of God ; and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you. If any one shall corrupt the temple of God, him shall God bring to corruption." Whatever drives God out of his temple destroys the temple and makes it a common edifice. It is God's temple only when God dwells in it, and God dwells in it only when in aspiration if not in actual realization, in strong desire if not always in successful accomplishment, the temple is pure,

THE QUEST FOR ERROR AND THE DOING OF JUSTICE

BY GEORGE WHITNEY MOORE

This article is called out by Judge Charles F. Amidon's address before the Minnesota Bar Association as published in substance under the above title in *The Outlook* of July 14. An editorial referring to this subject will be found on another page.—THE EDITORS.

IT seems to me time that some one should call a halt upon uninformed, indiscriminate denunciations, and discuss the administration of our criminal law from the standpoint of fact.

Judge Amidon repeats with approval a statement made twenty years ago, that new trials are granted in forty-six per cent. of appealed (civil and criminal) cases, and that sixty per cent. of these turn upon questions of pleading and practice.

As a major cause he asserts:

"The fundamental defect of our legal administration is the doctrine that where error is found prejudice will be presumed," and concludes:

"The administration of the criminal law has nearly broken down in America under the application of this rule," and repeats again that it has "broken down," omitting the qualification, adding, "It is an unworkable machine."

The average reader, and even the uncritical lawyer, would take it for granted from this that there were at least thousands of State and National miscarriages of justice annually from granting new trials in criminal cases. Less could hardly be called much of a menace in a Nation like ours.

If this is true, even measurably, "something ought to be done," and Judge Amidon should buckle on his armor and proceed to do it, or try to, with an outraged eighty millions behind him. It is a serious matter.

If it is not true, or not true as stated, or not true to the degree he intends shall be inferred, he is certainly guilty of a most gross libel upon our civilization, upon the American people, upon the several thousands of their representatives in Congress and forty-odd legislatures, upon more than a thousand rea-

sonably well-trained trial and appellate judges, and, finally, upon a myriad of lawyers whose training and experience are, or should be, of all others, perhaps, best fitted to keep cobwebs out of their intellects.

The effect upon our reputation at home and abroad is the same, whether the libel be from ignorance, indolence, or a desire to make a public sensation. No one has a right to disseminate injurious matter which is false.

Is it true?

In the first place, the doctrine he asserts, standing alone, is not the law, never was the law, and, so long as the courts possess common sense, never will be the law, in either civil or criminal cases.

On the contrary, "Judgment will not be reversed for error that does not prejudice the plaintiff in error," and by a series of decisions in the United States Supreme Court the rule is sustained that "No judgment shall be reversed in a court of error when it is clear that the error did not prejudice and could not have prejudiced the rights of the party against whom the ruling is made."

This old battlefield is often fought over to determine what in a given case constitutes actual and possible prejudicial error, but the rule itself is settled law.

Again, is the charge true?

The reported decisions of the appellate judges in each State and in the United States give in full the reasons for every new trial granted on criminal appeals, and to them I carefully refer.

In the State of Minnesota, where Judge Amidon gave his address, its Supreme Court Reports certainly ought to show a hundred or so new trials a year granted in criminal cases to justify his assumptions. How many were in fact granted

in 1904? Volumes 91, 92, and 93 cover this period. Not a single criminal new trial was ordered. Clearly Minnesota criminal law, protecting two millions of people, has not perceptibly "broken down" through the silliness of its Supreme Court under foolish rules of law.

In Wisconsin, with her two and a half millions, the Supreme Court Reports, Volumes 120 to 123, cover a little over the year 1904. Two new trials were granted on criminal appeals.

In Indiana (Volumes 162 and 163 of Reports cover 1904), in a population of more than three millions, in four criminal cases only were new trials granted, not one upon pleadings or practice. The reasons for all these appeal to common sense. No symptoms of "breakdown" in Indiana.

In Volume 125 of Iowa Reports we find five new trials in criminal cases in 1904 in a population of about two and a half millions. Not one turned upon any question of pleading or practice. Every one was reversed for good, sound, wholesome reasons, appealing equally to the learned and the unlearned.

In Michigan, Volumes 133 to 135 cover about a year, including part of 1904. In one case a new trial was ordered because the judge usurped the province of the jury, and one for an obvious error of the trial judge. This in a population of about three millions. The American system is still operative in Michigan.

Illinois has an intermediate court which sifts out some criminal cases, but in 1904 there are reported in Volumes 207 to 210, Illinois Reports, just five criminal appeals in which new trials were allowed. This in a population of five millions or more.

New York has also a relieving intermediate court through which appeals insisted upon come to its final Court of Appeals. The total number of new trials allowed in criminal appealed cases in New York in 1904 in the Court of Appeals (177 to 179, N. Y. Reports) was ten in a population of eight millions.

But let us look at the United States Courts, over one of which Judge Amidon presides.

Criminal appeals from the United States District Courts go to the United

States Courts of Appeals, and for 1904 are found in Volumes 62 to 67 of their Reports. (Lawyers' Co-operative Edition.) In the whole United States there were just eight new trials granted on appeals.

An inquiry at the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Michigan yields the information that of about fifty criminal cases tried in a year one solitary appeal was commenced and then dropped.

Not one criminal new trial was granted in the State Courts of North Dakota in 1904, and but one in about three years; while the learned Judge himself so well discharged the duties of his high office that in 1904, from the United States District Court over which he there presides, there was but one.

Surely this is sufficient.

On sober investigation this demonstrates a magnificently efficient and safe administration of the criminal law in this particular. Every citizen of this great land should exult over it, and flaunt it in the face of those who compare English courts with ours to our disadvantage.

The learned Judge quotes, though without approval, a recommendation of "one of our own distinguished judges—that the right of appeal in criminal cases be abolished," and from another whom he confidently calls "a learned jurist," as asserting, "We have long since passed the time when it is possible to convict an innocent man."

Does this "distinguished judge" or the "learned jurist" know what is now going on in England concerning this subject?

In England anybody can appeal for money, but human life and liberty are still at the mercy of the trial judge's rulings, with no appeal. In the recent Beck case the English trial judge refused to allow the jury to hear evidence of a complete alibi, and so convicted and sent to prison an innocent man through mistaken identity.

On release he stubbornly began an agitation for criminal appeals, and, after centuries of intolerable abuse of uncontrolled judicial so-called discretion, a bill was in March last introduced in the

House of Lords to provide for them. The Home Office was called upon for information, and reported twelve known cases of conviction of innocent men in three years. No one can imagine the number unknown for the same three years, nor for the centuries gone.

In a letter from Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, recently received, he informs me that the bill as amended will conform in substance to the American practice. It is a step forward in England towards civilized conditions.

We are learning some things from North Dakota. We are told from there, "The primary duty of the trial judge is to proceed with the cause," and that "if he stops to debate all the questions that will arise, he is sure to fall into error on minor points."

The poor fellow whose life, liberty, or whose all hangs on the results, believes that justice to him is the primary duty, and speeding the cause at the expense of his legal rights is crime before which all other crime is insignificant. There is at least a superstition in the bar that he is right in principle. The car of justice is somewhat ponderous, but it is not purposely a car of Juggernaut, and the driver may be sure that the speed will be fatal to some. When a judge wrongly drives a human being to the gallows, as has been too often done in England and elsewhere, that judge is a murderer, infinitely more dangerous than the common criminal. Mrs. Maybrick is of this opinion.

True, as Judge Amidon states, "infallibility" cannot be expected, but that is because of human infirmities. Every possible effort for infallibility is the first, last, and continual duty of an honest, earnest trial judge. Can any other or lower standard be allowed for an instant? Assuredly, speed in "proceeding with the cause" is subordinate to this.

The sole purpose of granting a new trial is to rectify an actual or avoid a threatened miscarriage of justice. The Supreme Court judges are picked men, selected from among their fellows for supposed judgment, exceptional learning, and unimpeachable integrity.

The record of each specific case, of which the general public knows little or

nothing, carefully printed, is before them. A full, deliberate argument on each side, usually by competent counsel familiar with every detail, is made; and each new trial is granted always by a majority, and usually by an undivided bench composed of several such judges. Every important view is then embodied in a written opinion in which a majority or all concur, and this is permanently preserved in printed volumes of reports, intended to go into thousands of public and private libraries, English and American, and for all time to form precedents and guides for determining the rights and liberties of the living and their descendants wherever the system of common law is followed.

Is it possible that our American system of criminal law has been "broken down" by their foolish administration of it? or that they have so little knowledge or sense of consistency as to so record what is essentially injustice and so their shame?

Examination of the above included thirty-six new trials so allowed, in seven jurisdictions having populations of about twenty-six millions of people, and of the whole of the United States Courts for a year, shows scarcely half a dozen criminal cases which turned upon pleading or practice, and in my judgment still fewer that any competent lawyer would seriously criticise beyond the ordinary difference of individual judgments in specific cases.

Finally, what real reason is there for saying that retrial of these thirty-odd cases would result in a miscarriage of justice as to any one of them? Is there any?

By that time the prosecutor better knows his facts—he and the court have been instructed by the highest court as to all close points of law. The new jury will doubtless be as good as the old, and new trials are, in fact, almost without exception, better and more quickly tried.

It is a wholly gratuitous insult to all of them to assume in advance that they will on the second trial fail to try to do their respective duties to the best of their abilities.

Is there anything whatsoever even

tending to show that all these new trials together could by any possibility constitute a menace to our great Republic? If all miscarried, there are not enough to cause more than a ripple in the social sea, while the law clearly established by the decisions will permanently remain to guard trial courts, and society through them, against future like mistakes.

It is an open trade secret that as soon as a lawyer goes on the trial bench he is relieved from much independent thought and research, and can measurably rely upon that furnished by opposing counsel, who have examined the facts and law for perhaps months at, say, ten dollars a line, thus leaving to the court only the less onerous work of decision.

THE WOMAN WHOM GOD LOVED

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE was once a woman who knew that God loved her. So, though she was very poor and very sick, she was happy all day long.

"Well," said her friend who believed that God hated her, "he probably doesn't care a straw what becomes of you."

"Oh, yes!" said the woman. "He wouldn't have anything bad happen to me for the whole world."

"Then," said her friend who believed that God was indifferent to her, "why doesn't he do something for you?"

"Oh," said she, "he will, when the time comes."

"When what time comes?" said her friend who believed that there wasn't any God at all. "The time when, in the natural course of things, you die and go nowhere?"

"The time when his day and his night have been accomplished, and day dawns again."

"Well," said they all together, "your sickness has certainly affected your mind." Which was the only thing they really agreed about.

Now, although the woman was quite sure that her sickness was a part of the will of God, she tried very hard to be well. "For," said she, "if he does not wish me to be well, I shall find it out; but until then, I shall be trying all the time." So she went to live with the sun and the wind, and at night, when she could not sleep, thought of pleasant things which were all connected with the love of God, since that was really the only pleasant thing she had to think of. But the other things seemed to be pleasant on account of that. And by and by one

day she seemed to herself a little different, and another day more different still. And one day everything else was different. The grass looked greener, and the birds sang so that her heart beat with their song. And that morning, when she stepped out of bed, she said to herself:

"Why, I am well!"

Then came her three friends, and when they saw her bed empty, they went out on the highway to seek her, and there they found her, carrying heavy bundles and laughing and talking with everybody, and telling them about the love of God.

"Now, what's the use of being so pleased, in a world like this, where every man's hand is against you?" said the friend who believed that God hated her. "Don't go dancing round carrying things for these people. They'll only take it out of you in the end."

"I can't help carrying things," said the woman. "I'm so happy."

"What are you happy about?" asked the friend who believed that God was indifferent to her.

"Because life is so beautiful," said the woman. "And because God is kind to me, and because I am well."

"That's it," said the friend who believed that there was no God at all. "Your happiness is simply the result of your physical health."

"Why, yes," said the woman, "that's one of the reasons."

"Well," said the other, "why don't you say so, then? What do you want to bring God in for?"

"Why," said the woman, "that's ex-

actly it. Didn't he give me the things to make me well?"

"Nonsense!" said the friend. "You simply took to an outdoor life."

"Why, yes!" said the woman. "But he gave it to me, didn't he? He gave me the sun and the wind and the smell of the ground. Praise God!"

Then she saw a bundle heavier than usual lying by her where somebody had dropped it, and she lifted it, and went on laughing and singing; and the owner of the bundle plucked up courage, and took hold of her skirt and went on too.

Then for a time her friends saw very little of her, because she was so busy; but one day they happened to meet at her door. "Come," said they, "let us go in and see if she is at home. It is told in the market-place that she has almost broken her back carrying bundles. No doubt she has had to stay at home to rest."

The woman was on her bed, and she did not open her eyes or her lips to greet them.

"Why," said they, "she is dead!"

"Yes," said a voice in the chamber, "I am dead."

Then, because they had always known there was nobody exactly like her, they began to cry. But later, when they had wiped their eyes and sat down to think things over, the friend who thought that God hated her said, rather suspiciously:

"Did you think you heard a voice?"

"I thought so," said the friend who believed that God was indifferent to her, "but it was probably in the street."

"Yes," said the friend who believed that there is no God at all. "There is nothing here but ourselves."

Then they sat and mourned a while longer, and suddenly the last one said out of her bitterness:

"And she was all the time talking about God and being thankful to him for what he had done for her! And see the end. She has just worked and worked, and now she lies here dead."

"Why, yes," said the voice in the chamber; "but that is the best of all!"

THE GENTLE ART OF KILLING FISH

BY J. HORACE McFARLAND

Author of "Getting Acquainted with the Trees," etc.

ONCE in a while I "meet up" with some one who loves flowers and trees, and likes to talk about them, and about how beautiful the flowers especially are "in the wild," just where they have fitted themselves into Nature's great garden, and are happy. We are sure to agree as to the enormity of the offense of ruthlessly destroying or of carelessly "collecting" them, for any purpose; and we generally come to a further agreement that the average botanist and his average students are likely to be unnecessarily brutal in the "scientific" study of the native flowers and ferns. Each of us will probably mention some rare nook within his knowledge, the location of which is disclosed only to some one of the elect, and then under strict injunctions of secrecy and care.

In thus talking, I have found that one of us is almost certain to say something

about fishing—obviously because a few fishermen see plant beauties, and tell about them. Then there is usually a hesitating admission by one, something like this: "I—I don't care for fishing." And, in a more assured tone, hopefully, "Do you fish?" The answer will probably be a positive "No; I don't like to kill things."

Once confidences are thus exchanged, words come faster, and we sympathize with each other under the aspersions that have been cast upon us by some of the fishermen, those who practice "the gentle art," and who look with disdain upon those who would enjoy the babbling brook without rod or reel, and leave all in the woods and the water unharmed as we find it.

As I have found one after another who love the flowers and the woods and yet are not anglers, I have come to wonder still more at the fisherman's pleas-

ures, and to enter hesitatingly into print with my yet unsatisfied queries. I feel that it seems heretical to question the aims of the angler, whose "art" has been sung so sweetly and so often. Indeed, as I have read "Fisherman's Luck," and other prose poems no less redolent of the companionship of the woods, and breathing thankfulness to the God of the Open, I have wondered whether my own shrinking from what seems to me the cruel aim of angling was not a deficiency in my nature, and something to be deplored.

So I make bold to ask the fisherman why he enjoys killing fish, with long-drawn-out torture, and not primarily for food? Why is his "gentle" art not the refinement of cruelty? Why is it essentially different from other things men have done for the joy of killing?

The answer comes promptly from the first one of my friends who fishes: "Oh, fish have no feeling! Why, I've known the same trout to bite again, and be caught after it had once gotten away! You see," he adds, "fish are cold-blooded, and don't feel pain."

"How do you know they don't feel pain?" I cannot help asking. "Why, you know they're cold-blooded," he repeats. But I can't honestly be satisfied that the temperature of the blood of an animal decides its sensibility to pain; so I say, "Why does the fish try to get away when it is hooked, if it feels no pain?" And then the fisherman is almost sure to say, perhaps thoughtlessly, "Why, he's fighting for his life, of course!"

And there it is! Hooked in the lip, surely sensitive to pain if any part is sensitive, this creature of God is fighting for all the life God gave it, and against what odds! A trout, perhaps, weighing a pound or even several pounds, he is at the barbed steel end of a strong and springy combination of line and rod, "played" with all the art and the muscle of a man a hundred times heavier! The fish has a chance, to be sure, or there would be no joy in angling—it would be mere fishing for food, absolutely under the intent of creation, but which the angler openly despises. The literature of the "gentle art" is not founded on

taking fish for food, nor on killing those that do not struggle.

"Who could find any pleasure in angling for the tame carp in the fish-pool of Fontainebleau?" writes Dr. van Dyke, who as frankly says again: "If the truth must be told, even by an angler, there are at least five salt-water fish which are better than trout—to eat. *There is none better to catch.*"

The value to the true angler, then, is in the spirit of the fish, in its "game-ness," as it is called, in its fight for life. And he fishes with care, too; for these animals that are cold-blooded, and therefore do not feel pain, seem to have an inborn distrust of the beneficent intentions of the fisherman who merely wishes to make the end of the trout's life interesting—to himself. So he uses an instinct of the fish, and lures it with something that the feelingless, foolish trout thinks—without sensibility—is food. He uses an ingenious "fly," and again Dr. van Dyke describes for us:

"Innocent little confections of feathers and tinsel, dressed on the tiniest hooks, and calculated to tempt the appetite or the curiosity of the most capricious trout."

No one has so well described, either, what follows, as the same poet-fisherman:

"As it [the fly] settled on the water, there was a flash of gold from the shadow beneath the logs, and a quick turn of the wrist made the tiny hook fast in the fish. He fought wildly to get back to the shelter of his logs, but the four-ounce rod had spring enough in it to hold him firmly away from that dangerous retreat. Then he splurged up and down the open water and made fierce dashes among the grassy shallows, and seemed about to escape a dozen times. But at last his force was played out; he came slowly toward the boat, turning on his side, and I netted him in my hat."

Of course the trout, dying thus, after a struggle most exhilarating to his genial captor, did it without feeling. It was cold-blooded!

One day at Eagles Mere I saw a novel water sport. A strong swimmer adjusted to himself a light harness, and the captain of the sports secured to it across his back the hook end of a light bass line, connecting with an ordinary six-ounce

rod, fitted with the usual reel. The swimmer was then given fifty yards free start, after which the captain reeled up on him, and "played" him, for he was now supposed to be hooked. He had to keep swimming, or he was drawn back to the pier; and if he could swim against the pull of the light line and rod and break the line, there was honor, and a prize. The husky, broad-shouldered swimmer for whom I held the watch broke the record for endurance, but not the line, for he held against that gentle, relentless pull thirty-one long minutes before, totally exhausted, he came to the pier. Only once in four years has the prize been awarded, and that when a very porpoise of a man, deep-chested and herculean, broke the line after being played a full hour!

The comparison is not difficult, but it is a little painful—to me. An athletic man, an unusual swimmer, weighing two hundred pounds, comfortably harnessed, and in no danger whatever, could resist and break the line after an hour's fight. How long would he "play" if he were hooked in his mouth, as is the trout, and were fighting for his life? And would there be any pain to the warm-blooded man so hooked?

Another day at Eagles Mere a bass accepted the fisherman's lure, and, being caught, was thrown on the pier, while the fisherman resumed his sport. The fish lay there gasping, surrounded by an interested ring of children. The convulsive heaving of its shining sides, the twitching of its gills, its open mouth, all showed it to be drowning—in the air. But no pity was in the glances cast upon its death struggles!

A few moments later a cry and a struggle, off in the lake, caused a hurried rush for the convenient life-buoy. A fortunate throw, and it fell mercifully close to the young woman who was beyond her depth. She was quickly towed ashore, and sympathetic hands helped her to a place of rest. She had been drowning—in the water. And it was surely agonizing to her, even though she had no barbed hook in her mouth to hold her to a relentless line. She was warm-blooded!

Some anglers are frank about the aim

of fishing, for one writes thus: "In three minutes your potential poet is an actual barbarian, feverish with the lust of the chase." But the fish he "lusts" for, he says, feels no pain, when caught in his tenderest part, and fighting against restraint, capture, death!

I have been reading articles written by the fishermen, in the hope of coming at a point of view which would perhaps rid me of the feeling I have expressed. But they do not reassure me. One enthusiast frankly defines his philosophy thus: "All things animate, man included, were made to kill and be killed. The only crimes in killing are in killing our own kind, and in killing inhumanly."

Of course "sport" fishing, I suppose, would not come under the condemnation of this modern pagan? He would promptly return to the familiar defense against inhumanity in "playing" a spirited—but unfeeling—fish for a half-hour or more by saying that the victim was cold-blooded, and not human.

Many choice spirits among the literary and political fishermen find great "sport" in Southern waters. One such I met in Florida the past winter, and he told me of his own specialty in angling, the taking of the "bonefish," of which, he lamented, he had been able to land only seventeen in about a month. Not only was the fish rare, but, he complained, "the other fishermen *net* the whole of Biscayne Bay now," and thus cruelly kept the fish from his hook.

"Why do you go for bonefish only?" I asked. "Because it is the gamest fish that swims," he replied. "He fights until he is dead. I never landed a live bonefish; they are always dead when they come to the boat. But the fish gets away sometimes, if you don't hook him in the soft lip. His mouth is all bone, and if you miss the lip, he can shake the hook out."

"Why does he bite?" I queried.

"Because he's hungry, I guess. I use bait that is just like the food he prefers. I tell you it is fine to see him, in these clear waters, as he swims up to the bait, and often darts away—he has a mighty keen nose! But he comes back again. And he doesn't ever take the bait with a rush—all the notice you have is a gentle

shiver on your line. Then you've got to hook him in the lip quick, and his first rush will take fifty yards of line, sure. He's not so big—weighs about eight pounds, and is a little less than a yard long. He's a beauty, though, as he dies, for delicate blue lines come into his glistening whiteness."

Is it any wonder that my mind harked back to the "Sixth Reader" selection of my school days, and gave me a remembrance of the description of a Roman painter who tortured a slave on the rack that he might paint a man's dying agony? But of course the dying bonefish had no agony whatever—it being cold-blooded, and its fighting until death being only an appearance of possible pain! It was a Christian Science fish.

In the same region a noble fish of greater size is also largely hunted. My fisherman friend had tarpon experience. "He's a wonder, especially when he jumps after he is hooked, for he may leap straight out of the water, a yard or more clear of it; and he'll spread his scarlet gills wide, trying to shake out the hook." I asked if the tarpon, uncaught, ever leaped thus from the water in play, like a porpoise. "No, not the same way. It is only when he is fighting that he makes those splendid leaps, and shakes his brilliant scarlet gills. It is fine," said my friend, his eyes glistening with the recollection; "I've seen one as long as a man, and weighing more than two hundred pounds, jump straight up clear of the water seven times before he was played out. It's great sport, is tarpon fishing!"

To the inquiry as to the edible quality of the tarpon's flesh came the startling answer: "The flesh is too coarse to eat. A good fisherman turns him loose when he gets him to the boat exhausted, after he has been weighed; but many land their fish and let them rot on the beach."

The railroad folder tells me of a "fisherman" who landed in less than two weeks some twenty-three of these great fish, aggregating over a ton in weight, breaking the "record." Not for food, not because the fish was dangerous or a menace to civilization. No, the only reason was the ability of this great fish to fight gamely for its life, so

that its thrilling, amusing struggles might delight the man who had it hooked in its only vulnerable place, the gills or lips!

But the tarpon and other "game" fish do supply another sort of a thrill, somewhat vicarious, it is true, yet relatively literary. It is the great (?) work of our beautiful "nature" periodicals to present, by clever photography, this struggle—unfair, unnecessary, and unequal as it is—between the man and the fish, for the entertainment of its readers, who would never think of thus enjoying the illustrated details of an evenly matched "prize-fight" between warm-blooded humans, in which neither of the participants would have a hook in the other's lips. The writer who hooks while the photographer works thus eloquently depicts the interesting struggle: "A crash in the water . . . an increasing strain is put upon the line, until the boat is in rapid motion. As the tarpon feels the strain, a gyrating, glistening, silvery mass hurls itself six or eight feet clear of the water. The sight of the skiff gives him new life. . . . Fifteen minutes of alternating rushing, leaping, and sulking . . . the end comes. The great fish rises to the surface, and, rolling over on his side, surrenders as completely as he had struggled tenaciously."

The photographer, however, is not a fisherman, and Mr. Dimock moralizes thus: "It does not appeal to me to play the game of life and death with the products of the best inventive genius *where the chances are all against the fish*. And to this point of view must come every thoughtful angler who is possessed of bowels of compassion. To watch the magnificent sight, to see those leaps without parallel, the rushes that fairly take away your breath—all these give you a respect for your adversary that demands the upturned thumb."

This candid man does not suggest the absence of pain in the fish nor mention its cold-bloodedness. Might I hint something of cold-blooded, thoughtless cruelty on the part of the creature in God's image at the wrong end of the unfair line, even if he does sometimes show the upturned thumb?

The salmon is a useful food fish, and an important article of commerce as

such. This same salmon, or "grilse," is a fish of wonderful strength, and has a cold-blooded tenacity of life that brings it into the cognizance of the lovers of the "gentle art" of angling. Another writer celebrates, to the accompaniment of wonderful photographs, the struggle of three men against one fish, and not for food only.

"The huge fish which had seized the gaudy fly and felt the barb of the cruel steel had sprung into the air twice in rapid succession. For the next ten minutes the salmon kept his foeman busy with a series of wild rushes. . . . For nearly half an hour my companion played the salmon. . . . Often it went down to the bottom and refused to move until great pressure was placed upon it. . . . For twenty-five minutes that salmon sulked. . . . When the third pebble had been thrown at it, the salmon started off like a rocket down the stream. . . . A brief pause and then the salmon shot half-way across the river and made a couple of beautiful leaps. . . . It had no sooner reached the hole in which it had previously sulked than it went down again. It was almost by main force that it was lifted by rod and line and towed toward the rock where Albert was waiting, gaff in hand. At sight of the guide the salmon renewed the struggle, but strength was failing it. . . . Albert drove the point of the weapon clear through its shoulders, . . . and lifted its huge, writhing, quivering frame clear of the water. . . . It was a glorious fresh-run fish of thirty-six pounds, and measured forty-three inches in length. What a feast for visual contemplation was that magnificent, freshly killed fish, reflecting the sunlight from the yet undimmed beauty of its glittering side! . . . An hour and fifty minutes had elapsed from the hooking of the fish before it was finally landed."

Again, a fisherman-writer tells of his

first salmon thus: "For ten minutes it fought as no other fish ever fights," giving him "twenty minutes of the keenest excitement I have ever felt."

All this reading—and I have quoted but a drop out of oceans of ink used in describing their conquests by these brave fishermen—has not changed my point of view. Few, indeed, of the fishermen write of woods joys as does Dr. van Dyke; no one of them who writes of fishing only says any word indicating his feeling for the "upturned thumb" which Mr. Dimock bespeaks. It is "sport" they celebrate—the sport of killing animals they assume to be feelingless, under conditions of unfairness that would bring a cry of "Shame!" in the roughest prize-ring that ever held human bruisers.

That it is entirely right to fish for food, in the way that will most quickly supply the food, I would maintain with any one. That fishing of the type about which I am inquiring is the refinement of a most ungentle "art" of cold-blooded enjoyment of a creature's death-struggle I must so far regretfully conclude. If I am wrong, let the fisherman so prove; and until he does, I shall feel that the sport and the thrill that the camera-hunter feels are as much above the lust of the chase as can well be. I cite in confirmation a quotation from a camera-writer who knows both sides. Listen to Herbert K. Job:

"An anhinga is winging past, visible, as it advances, upon the ground-glass. . . . The thumb of the right hand presses the trigger and the bird is ours, though it still continues its rapid flight, a thousandfold more valuable in this form than if maimed and mauled, for thousands of people can now see it. . . . I am called a good shot with the gun, but what care I now for my gun—which hangs long neglected in a closet—as compared with my cameras!"

SIR RICHARD BURTON¹

BY HORATIO S. KRANS

NOW, on the appearance of what will perhaps be the last biography of Sir Richard Burton, is a fitting time to say a word as to his achievements, and to attempt briefly to give some notion of the singularly striking and interesting personality of "the Arabian knight," who, in knowledge of Eastern peoples, languages, and customs, stands alone—easily first without a second—and who, as a writer, has left the world a great mass of information concerning matters of which no other person was so competent to speak. He was the greatest traveler England has produced; he was England's greatest linguist—a master of twenty-eight languages—and an ethnologist and anthropologist of great attainments. An expert swordsman, marksman, and horseman, and a dauntless explorer, he was the most romantic Englishman of his generation.

Burton came of a stock of prosperous country gentry of sporting and convivial tastes, who were further characterized by a vigorous whimsicality. As a boy he was tumultuous, irrepressible, and unmanageable. Early in his teens he learned "to cock his hat and love the ladies," and from that period on—until his marriage with the beautiful Isabella Arundell, we shall say—he carried on a long series of flirtations, none of which seems, however, to have affected him very seriously. In the course of these affairs, with a fine impartiality, he distributed his attentions to dusky Oriental beauties and to their fair sisters of the West. In due time he was sent to Oxford, where he gave himself seriously to the pursuit of the sports and pastimes for which that great university affords such singular opportunities, and devoted his leisure hours to the study of languages, Oriental and other. His departure from his Alma Mater was premature—due to his disregard of an unreasonable mandate of the Dons, which forbade attendance at a neighboring steeplechase. He was rusticated or expelled, and, with a companion in misery, whirled away in a tandem, performing upon two or three yards of tin trumpet and kissing his hands to the shop-girls as he went.

Burton's serious work as an Orientalist began when he secured a commission in the Indian army, and plunged deep into the study of Eastern literature and Eastern life. His labors did not, however, absorb all his energy. He allowed himself diversions. He took a peculiar pleasure, we are told, in setting a bull-terrier, of whose points and pedigree he was inordinately proud, to worrying a company of sacred crocodiles that sunned themselves in a pool hard by his bungalow. He found time also to fall in love with a beautiful, oval-faced Persian girl of high descent, whom he chanced somehow to meet.

In his restlessness, his insatiable curiosity, and his intrepidity, Burton was a nineteenth-century Ulysses. The *Wanderlust* was to him always an irresistible impulsion. He was never so happy as when he was embarking upon some perilous exploration, or when, disguised as Hindu, Afghan, or Arab, he was engaging in some dare-devil escapade. Of his travels in general little need be said; it is well known how, from youth to old age, he careered about Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America, in a way that makes the mind giddy to contemplate.

To tell the story of his achievements in this direction is here quite out of the question, but it is impossible to speak of Burton without at least passing mention of three of his peregrinations, those respectively to Mecca, Harar, and Lake Tanganyika. The first-mentioned journey he accomplished in the disguise of a Moslem pilgrim, and ventured upon it only after a most careful preparation, in the course of which he became learned in Moslem theology and an adept in all the practices of the faithful. Reaching Mecca after some stirring adventures on

¹ *The Life of Sir Richard Burton*. By Thomas Wright. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$6.50, net.

the Red Sea and in the desert, he visited, at the imminent risk of his life, the most sacred and jealously guarded of the Mohammedan sanctuaries, and finally penetrated into the holy of holies, El Kaaba, where discovery on the part of the Mohammedan officials would have meant sudden and violent death at the hands of fanatics who would have believed themselves doing God service in tearing limb from limb the infidel whose very presence was a pollution and a sacrilege. From the perils of this pilgrimage, as from a thousand others, he escaped unscathed. By this extraordinary exploit Burton's name became a household word throughout the world and a synonym for daring. From Mecca Burton made his way to Bombay, where, after a few months' stay, he became cloyed with civilization and conceived the project of visiting Harar, a city in Moslem Abyssinia, forbidden to strangers and hence almost unknown. This town he entered and left in safety, but on his return journey he, three other Englishmen, and forty-two colored auxiliaries were attacked at a place called Berbera by three hundred natives. The black auxiliaries promptly deserted and left the four Englishmen to shift for themselves. A desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued. Burton, armed only with a saber, fought like a madman; his companions did splendid execution with revolvers. One of them was killed. The three survivors shot and sabered their way to the sea and safety, carrying with them the body of their dead comrade. Burton was wounded by a javelin that pierced both cheeks and struck out four of his teeth. Of the other two who survived the fight, one received eleven wounds—"a touching proof," Burton remarked, "of how difficult it is to kill a man in sound health." The third of these journeys to which we have referred was that which resulted in the discovery of Lake Tanganyika, and paved the way for the subsequent labors of Livingstone, Stanley, and others. After months of toilsome wanderings through the jungles and marshes of equatorial Africa, in spite of prostrating fevers and after almost incredible hardships and dangers, there burst upon the view of Sir Richard

and his companions a vast expanse of blue water—and there, before him, "in the lap of its steel-colored mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine, lay the great Lake Tanganyika."

Though it would be vain in the narrow room of this review to attempt to chronicle the long series of wanderings which the indefatigable Sir Richard has himself recorded in some dozens of bulky books, it may still be well to indicate the fashion in which his travels furnished him with that encyclopædic knowledge of Oriental manners and customs and of Oriental character, temperament, and sentiment which makes his books so substantial and invaluable a contribution to our Western store of knowledge.

During his first stay in India—a period of seven years—Burton devoted himself, as has been said, to Eastern studies, throwing himself with incredible ardor into his work and wearing out his two native instructors. It was not the way of his fellow-officers to scorn delights; nor did he do so entirely. But he lived laborious days none the less, and, as his biographer says, "towering ambition, enthusiasm, and passion for hard work trampled down all meaner instincts. Languages, not amours, were his aspiration, and his mind ran on grammar books rather than ghazels." To the study of Eastern ways he brought the same enthusiasm that impelled him to a study of language and literature. He followed eagerly every path that might open to him a new vista of Indian life or character. He sedulously insinuated himself into the good graces or the friendship of every native who could teach him anything. He set himself up as a merchant in an Indian town. In India, too, he learned and plied the trade of blacksmith. He also made a serious study of Sufism, complied with its rules, and practiced all its exercises conscientiously, becoming at last a Master Sufi. In Alexandria he practiced for a time as a physician, foisting himself, as was his wont, on all companies where his anthropological curiosity could be satisfied. Among his patients were some slave girls whom he was said to have cured of "the price-lowering habit of snoring." With the slave dealer who

owned these girls he became very friendly, knocking about the town with him and listening with interest as he unfolded the mysteries of his craft. It was in ways like these that he stored his mind with the mass of lore upon which he was later to draw in his annotation of the "Arabian Nights" and elsewhere.

As an author Burton was most prolific. The range of his knowledge was immense—though in the harvest of that knowledge there was many a blighted ear—and he embodied it in some scores of books, in unnumbered pamphlets, and in contributions to the publications of learned societies. He spoke with authority upon many subjects—religions, races, ruins, Oriental and Occidental vices, languages, geology, archæology, paleontology, etc. The "Arabian Nights" has heretofore been regarded as the corner-stone of Burton's literary fame. But in the light of the startling and indisputably true revelation of his latest biographer, it is now necessary to modify this opinion. Mr. Wright has found, upon investigation, that three-quarters of what formerly passed for Burton's translation is in fact taken almost *verbatim* from the earlier translation by Mr. John Payne: and he further makes it plain that, alike in scholarship and in literary quality, it is inferior to that of the work from which he borrowed. In the face of these facts some deduction must be made from Sir Richard's fame as a writer; but, after making such deductions, his "Arabian Nights" still remains a monumental work on the score of its editorial equipment—the famous notes and the essays that conclude the edition. They evince a knowledge of Eastern life, manners, and customs that was at once minute, first-hand, and encyclopædic. The notes did Burton, however, more harm than good. Concerned largely, as they were, with erotic and pornographic subjects, of which their author had a complete knowledge and of which he wrote with a relish that was quite other than a purely scientific interest, they gave mortal offense to that potent old lady, Mrs. Grundy, who became thenceforth his implacable foe, and missed no opportunity of being vituperatively abusive. But, whether judged by his "Arabian Nights" or

by his work as a whole, Burton is great by virtue of his matter, not by virtue of his manner. In other words, as a man of letters he does not rank high. His literary faculty was distinctly second rate. Prolivity was his besetting sin. Vigor and vitality mark his style at its best. But his writing is too often careless, flamboyant, and uncouth. His verse is of no better quality than his prose. It is lacking in musical quality, in grace, felicity, and distinction.

In his personal character Sir Richard was—whatever else may be said of him—always picturesque and interesting. An "instinctive" nature, impulsive and undisciplined, he was what he was with entire good faith and without misgivings. He accepted himself as God made him, without presuming to improve on the creation by any endeavor to bring it into conformity with the ideal. A shadow early fell upon his character, at the time when, as a young man in India, he investigated for the Government a certain form of Eastern vice. It was suspected at the time that his interest in the investigation was neither that of the reformer nor purely academic. This suspicion was deepened by the trend of his later writings, which dealt so much with erotic subjects, and by the continually increasing attention he gave to them, until at last they became almost a monomania with him. But Burton himself always declared, with sincerity, that such studies were pursued by him in the interests of science. At all events, however unwholesome may have been the direction of his favorite studies, and whatever may have been his own failings, it is certain that in his own nature there was never anything of the relaxed fiber of the voluptuary. He had always a splendid capacity for work, and an ardent and tireless devotion to it. His treatment of Lady Burton, who, though she had a heart of gold and idolized her husband, must still have tried his patience sorely, has been cast up against him, and not unjustly, by those who dislike him. Certainly in his relation to her there was a failure of sympathy, of consideration, and of the demonstrative affection that might properly have been given to so devoted a helpmate. The appropriation of Mr.

Payne's translation of the "Arabian Nights"—though there are some extenuating circumstances in connection with this bad business—reveals a third aspect of Sir Richard's character upon which it is not pleasant to dwell. Happily, however, there are sterling qualities to offset defects. He possessed a store of virtues of the kind that men are least apt to discount in their estimates of each other. He was brave as a lion, generous as a prince, magnanimous, a dangerous enemy, and a warm and constant champion of his friends, in whose service he was ever ready to risk life or popularity.

The present biography, while everywhere interesting and certainly good, is assuredly not supremely good. The reader leaves it with a feeling that he knows Burton well, yet not intimately. It does not pluck out the heart of his mystery. Biographies are of two kinds.

There is the brief life (Southey's Nelson, for example), in which the mass of materials is passed through the mind of the biographer not to reappear, or to reappear only in an altered and essential form. This is artistically the most perfect kind. Then there is the longer biographical form (Boswell's Johnson exemplifies it), which includes quantities of anecdotes and letters, bound together by the narrative and comment. It is to this latter class that the present work belongs. Mr. Wright—considering his chosen form—has, on the whole, used his material well and disposed it effectively. Sheafs of anecdotes, piquant and entertaining to the last degree, enliven the narrative and lend it strong human interest. It should be added that the author writes well, in an easy, racy, idiomatic, and humorously allusive style, that makes the book extremely good reading.

A STUDY OF THE RACE QUESTION

IT is lamentably true that the problems raised by the presence on the soil of the United States of nine million negroes are frequently approached with little or no reference to the illuminating facts of historical evolution, the result being that personal or sectional misapprehensions bias the judgment and give rise to criticism that is largely negative and destructive instead of helpful and constructive. The correct understanding of the so-called race question and its solution, as of all other problems in our National life, obviously depend upon knowledge, not merely of present conditions, but of their origins and development. In other words, before there can be right action there must be a dissipation of prejudice; the mind must perceive clearly and the heart beat sympathetically. So far as concerns the treatment of the negro, much has been accomplished within the past few years in the direction both of concrete achievement and the clarifying of ideas. But misunderstanding and prejudice persist

in many quarters, and whatever will assist to their eradication should be welcomed by all thoughtful Americans. For this reason, if for no other, Mr. Merriam's book, "The Negro and the Nation," deserves a cordial reception. The author, who studies his subject almost altogether from the historical standpoint, has not, it is true, grasped his opportunity in all its fullness; his work is deficient in the painstaking analyses and philosophical comparisons that create in the mind, as does nothing else, an adequate conception of the road traversed, the obstacles overcome, and the pitfalls to be avoided. Nor is his narrative wholly exact. But it is so vivid and forceful, and the point of view maintained is so essentially just, as to carry conviction and prepare the reader for candid consideration of the ameliorative suggestions proffered in the closing chapters.

There are five points upon which Mr. Merriam lays especial stress, implicitly in his exposition of the historical background and explicitly in the strictly sociological portion of his work. The first is

¹ *The Negro and the Nation*. By George S. Merriam. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.75, net.

that the race question is a problem not to be solved by the South alone or by the North alone, but by the Nation; the second, that his environment has necessarily kept the negro in an inferior stage of development; the third, that until very recently he has had no incentive to self-betterment; the fourth, that it is idle to expect him to realize within a few brief years his potentialities for improvement; the fifth, that such realization must necessarily be deferred so long as he is denied full opportunity for self-expression. From these dicta, as stated, there can reasonably be no dissent; and in elaborating them Mr. Merriam, despite a tendency to floridity and extreme statement, has, as a rule, guarded himself effectually against criticism. He recognizes the truth that the first essential to the peaceful solution of the race problem lies in equipping the negro by education for social service, and that "the way out" has been clearly indicated by Samuel Chapman Armstrong and Booker T. Washington; he recognizes, too, the fact that the negro must play his part in the working out of his salvation; and he pays a splendid tribute to the enthusiasm and generosity with which the South has assumed its share of the National task. But he has not always caught the spirit of the South, and sometimes he has failed to read aright the lessons of history. Thus, we find him attacking the doctrine of social separation, of racial integrity, to which the South has clung with a tenacity that is, Mr. Merriam to the contrary notwithstanding, evidence of something other than mere race prejudice:

Let it be assumed that for the present the white South resolutely maintains its attitude of social separation. But let its defenders consider some of the consequences it involves, and make account with them the best they may. Does not this social code strongly confirm, and indeed carry as a necessary implication, that industrial separation which must work injuriously not only to the negro, but to the community? If the white gentleman will not associate with a black gentleman in a committee, or school, or public affairs, if he will not admit him to his pew or his drawing-room, is it not to be expected that the white carpenter or mill-hand will refuse to work side by side with the black? What that means where the black man is in a small minority we see here at the North—it shuts him out. Where he is in stronger force, as at the South, the refusal of indus-

trial fellowship means growing bitterness, and the complication and aggravation of labor difficulties. It all goes along together—the social separation and the industrial.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the astonishing *non sequitur* involved in this paragraph. White or black, in the earning of our livelihood, we daily come into contact and associate with men whom we have no inclination to invite to our homes. But this does not prevent our meeting them in the factory, marketplace, or caucus-room. Social intercourse for social pleasure rests, will always rest, and should rest on feeling. It is not to be denied, of course, that race prejudice exists. But it is not race prejudice that is responsible for the racial separation fostered, be it noted, by the blacks as well as by the whites. It is not race prejudice, but a constitutional feeling, an indomitable and innate determination to preserve racial integrity, that underlies the maintenance in the South of separate schools, churches, hotels, public conveyances. Where race prejudice does manifest itself is in the restriction of political and industrial opportunity, and particularly in respect to the latter. Here Mr. Merriam is justified in sounding a warning note to the North as to the South:

Let the Northern reader of these pages see at his door the palpable instance of a limitation more cruel than can be found at the South. Let him note, as the children stream out from the public school, the dark-skinned boy, playing good-naturedly with his white mates, at marbles, or ball, or wrestling—just as he has been studying on the same bench with them—he is as clean, as well dressed, as well behaved, as they. Now, five years hence, to what occupation can that colored boy turn? He can be a bootblack, a servant, a barber, perhaps a teamster. He may be a locomotive fireman, but when he is fit to be an engineer he is turned back. Carpentry, masonry, painting, plumbing, the hundred mechanical trades—these, for the most part, are shut to him; so are nineteen-twentieths of the ways by which the white boys he plays and studies with to-day can win competence and comfort and serve the community. It is a wrong to whose acuteness we are blunted by familiarity. It can be changed only as sentiment is changed; and for that there must be white laboring men who will bravely go ahead and break the cruel rule by welcoming the black laborer to their side.

Here, indeed, a menace exists. Barred from trades unions, but desperate with

the desire to live, colored laborers must become, and in many instances have already shown themselves, the foes of trades unionists. A strike, colored strike-breakers, race prejudice, race war—and the vicious circle is set in motion to gain momentum with the passage of time, and, through suffering and bloodshed, eventually bring home to the unionists the suicidal character of their policy of exclusion. Meanwhile, to be sure, there will always be negroes who can and do follow Booker T. Washington's advice, and become creators of rather than seekers after occupations. But to the vast majority, until public sentiment changes for the better, the door of opportunity will be closed. What this means can be appreciated only by those who encounter the evil in concrete form. It was only the other day, to cite an instance, that the present writer was approached by a colored man, hitherto known to him merely as a house porter, with the

request that he be informed how to procure from England a copy of a work on ethnology, concerning which "I read an interesting review in the paper last week." Here, it speedily developed, was an intelligent, thoughtful, ambitious colored man, but, under existing conditions, what are his chances for becoming other than the menial that he is to-day?

Questions like these will not down, and they should not down until they are answered by the Nation according to the dictates of conscience. It is in this that we find the significance of such studies as Mr. Merriam's "The Negro and the Nation." They may not tell us much that is new, they may not always reflect the poise of the philosopher and the detachment of the historian; but they serve a profound purpose in stimulating our conscience, in reminding us of our duty, and in assisting us to understand how our duty may be best performed.

Comment on Current Books

The Battles of Labor

In this book Dr. Carroll D. Wright gives an interesting and valuable account of labor wars from the earliest period to the present day. If it were not that popular notions seem to defy death, we should think this book would put an end to some notions not only current in newspaper discussions but taken for granted as axioms by some of the disputants. One of these notions is that strikes are peculiar to modern industry. Dr. Wright shows that they are as ancient as industry: "So far as history is concerned, the first great battle which labor fought was the strike of Moses and the Jews, known in sacred history as the Exodus." In calling this a "strike" Dr. Wright is absolutely correct; the nation of laborers simply refused to labor any more, left their tools and went away. It was a strike, not an insurrection. A second notion is that strikes uniformly fail. On the contrary, during a period of twenty years, fifty-one per cent. of the strikes succeeded, thirteen per cent. succeeded partly, thirty-six per cent., or a little over one-third, failed entirely. A third notion is that most strikes are due to insignificant or wholly unjust causes; that they are sympathetic strikes, or strikes for the recognition of the union, or for the enforcement

of some particular union rule. In fact, during this period of twenty years, fifty-eight and one-fourth per cent. of all the strikes involved the question of wages or hours of labor, or both. The number of sympathetic strikes for the recognition of the union or for the enforcement of some particular union rule were insignificant—only one and one-half per cent., for example, for the recognition of the union. Another notion which ought not to survive this book is the notion that it is a highly dignified course for the president of a corporation to refuse to deal with his laborers except as individuals. Dr. Wright correctly characterizes this as "a weakness in corporations which has continued until the present day, although it is fading away." His argument for collective bargaining cannot be quoted here, nor can it be advantageously condensed; but it is unanswerable. Precisely the same reason which justifies the president of the corporation in acting for his thousand stockholders justifies the president of the trade union in acting for the thousand workingmen whom he represents. Still another notion which Dr. Wright punctures is that trade unions are a nuisance if not a calamity, and that we should be much better off without them. History abundantly justifies his conclusion: "I think all men, or

nearly all men, understand that the union itself is a benefit. This is certainly true of England, and the employers of that country would not have the unions crushed if they could. Their development has been one of real though slow improvement in the relations between employer and employee." We wish that this book might find its way on to the tables of all employers of labor, and be by them read, pondered, and inwardly digested. (The Battles of Labor. By Carroll D. Wright, Ph.D., LL.D. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. \$1, net.)

The Economy of Happiness The author of this elaborate work holds that the end for which men exist is to produce the maximum output of happiness for themselves and one another. Ethics is viewed as the art of producing happiness. He expounds the principles of common sense which underlie this art, and the theory and application thereof which constitute its "technology." This involves a study of the social mechanism and the effects of competition and monopoly, the pernicious nature of which calls for a change, converting society into "a great happiness-producing mechanism" with self-interest as its motor. "Pantocracy" is the name preferred for the proposed social organization, the foundation of which is frankly stated to be "simply the socialism of Marx and his co-workers." This, of course, cannot be adopted all at once, but only by gradual steps, beginning with typical classes of industry, such as "steel-making, meat-packing, coal-mining, cotton-growing, and perhaps lumbering." Modestly professing to be no more than a path-breaker in the right direction, the author relies on the candor of his readers to weigh the difficulties of his attempt in the same scale with its defects. Of the economic scheme proposed there is space here merely to remark that it may some time be realized. The course of events during the last few decades has at least made it seem possible. The present economic system cannot be permanent. Better economic conditions, reacting on human character, will have ethical results in better men. But ethically Mr. Mackaye is seriously at fault. His fundamental fallacy is ancient; it is the hedonism of Epicurus as socialized by Jeremy Bentham. Since the days of Aristotle the main current of ethical teaching has held that the end of man's being is to become what he has it in him to be—self-realization through the active exercise of his faculties. Not so, says our author, it is happiness—an agreeable state of consciousness. This mistaking of a concomitant for the final cause is like saying that ocean steamers put to sea in order to

burn coal. For utilitarian ethics Mr. Mackaye puts forth an exaggerated claim. Intuitionism is treated as rank nonsense. Groundless pretensions have been made for it, but it has its proper sphere. The intuitions of seers and prophets, ever since the savage was persuaded to arbitrate his quarrels before the elders of his tribe, have guided the groping steps of moral progress to the solid acquisitions of experience. On these when attained men thenceforward act intuitively in the reciprocal duties of society, reserving utilitarian calculations for untrodden paths. Between utilitarianism and intuitionism, within the proper limits of each, there is no such quarrel as is represented; they are inseparable allies. A more radical defect appears in Mr. Mackaye's conception of morality, identifying it with the standards and systems at any time existing. For this static conception modern ethics has substituted the dynamic, thereby sharply distinguishing from the pseudo-morality which stands by the customs of the time the real morality which is intent on progress toward its ideals. But while the ethical doctrines of this work are thus objectionable, there is much in its economic scheme for the promotion of social happiness that is worthy of thoughtful consideration. (The Economy of Happiness. By James Mackaye. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.50.)

An Englishwoman in the Philippines This is a series of letters written by an Englishwoman during a stay of nine months in the Philippine Islands, and they are full of those definite details of living which satisfy the curiosity and give precision and reality to description. They present, without any special attempt at style, the innumerable phases of a life so foreign as to be interesting in all its commonplaces: they describe the climate and scenery, the costumes of the natives, their houses, their occupations, amusements, politics, religion. And they abound in criticisms of the American administration, indeed of everything American. Such comments might be wholesome and salutary if they concerned themselves alone with the Government, which is certainly confronted by many difficult problems, but the writer is equally impatient of American manners, dress, grammar, pronunciation. As far as the Administration is concerned, its doctrine of equality arouses her most active antagonism; she sees in the Filipinos "the worst traditions of four hundred years of the offscourings of the Spanish monkish orders, overlaid by a veneer of shallow cocksureness hastily assimilated from a totally incongruous alien civilization," and

the American's persistent belief in the Filipino's latent capacity for self-government is to her incomprehensible. (An Englishwoman in the Philippines. By Mrs. Campbell Dauncey. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50, net.)

From a Cornish Window

"I was born and bred a bookman," writes Mr. Quiller-Couch; and in the present volume he is the literary vagabond, wandering idly and aimlessly over the field he loves, recording a favorite bit of poetry or prose, or a quaint discovery in the world of letters, dropping now and then into a vein of rather serious philosophy. The chapters follow one another in no especial sequence, except as they suggest in tone the twelve months from which they take their names, and they are written in an easy English style which will commend itself to bookmen. For Mr. Quiller-Couch is essentially literary, to use a word which is growing quite definitely descriptive, indicating not only hereditary culture and refined perceptions, but a certain aloofness from the affairs of men. The philosophy which pervades these sketches, and which is alluded to in the dedicatory letter to the English critic William Archer, touches upon this very point—that is, it concerns itself with the problem of the literary man and his relation to the active world. "If politics and statecraft rest ultimately on principles of right and wrong," says Mr. Quiller-Couch, "then a poet has as clear a right as any man to speak upon them;" and he laments what he feels to be the present dissociation of life and poetry. Clinging to an ideal which finds little expression in contemporary life, he isolates himself from current tendencies, and is little in touch with those tremendous energies which express themselves in Rudyard Kipling's art. But the reader who sees something more than the Jingo element in modern literature will feel that he is defending the traditions of poetry rather than its pure spirit, which is always capable of new manifestations. (From a Cornish Window. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50, net.)

The Living Wage

The theory of the orthodox political economy which we have inherited from the early part of the nineteenth century is that if laborers and employers are left absolutely free to make whatever contracts they like, the wages of labor will be fixed by the law of supply and demand, and the rate thus determined will be, according to one school, substantially just; according to the other school, absolutely necessary, whether just or not. This doctrine of freedom of contract has

been so wrought into our industrial system, and so inherited by the present employing class, that it is regarded as axiomatic, not only by capitalists, but often by courts of justice. In "A Living Wage" Professor John A. Ryan assails this doctrine, and maintains that it cannot be defended on the ground either of justice or of necessity. His volume is a scientific maintenance of the doctrine represented in the last century by such writers as Maurice, Charles Kingsley, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin—the doctrine that every man has a natural right to a living wage, and that this right is superior to and limits the right of private ownership. Professor Ryan maintains that this doctrine is acknowledged by most nations, is insisted upon by Christianity, is urged by its most eminent representatives, Catholic and Protestant, and that the contrary or the orthodox view, though the prevailing one, is less than one century old, and was established through the mistaken efforts of economists and legislators. With these general conclusions The Outlook heartily agrees. The minimum of State regulation of industry does not necessarily mean a maximum of industrial freedom for the individual. Nominal freedom of individual contract in the present state of society is not always, and perhaps not even very often, real freedom of contract. Where real freedom of contract exists, the result is one factor, and an important one, in determining what is a just wage. But it is not the only one; nor, in our judgment, is the problem of political economy merely to secure for the worker a living wage, even though this term be so construed as to include provision for social and intellectual as well as merely physical life. The real problem in political economy is how to divide the profits of industry, in a just and rational manner, between the tool-owner, or capitalist, and the tool-user, or laborer. Such a division ought always to give a living wage to the laborer, but it sometimes should give him more than a living wage. There are several methods suggested for securing to the laborer a fair share of the profits. Professor Ryan has more faith in the power of the State to enforce by law such a wage than we have. We have more faith in collective bargaining and in the general elevation of ethical standards and the general effect of public opinion than Professor Ryan has. But his volume appears to us a conclusive demonstration of the two fundamental principles, that society is able to pay a living wage to the laborer and ought to do so, and that the minimum wage should be determined by this ethical principle, not by a system which compels the laborer to receive the smallest wage which can be ex-

torted from the employer. (A Living Wage. By John A. Ryan, S.T.L. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.)

The Man and the Master In this little book Mr. Freeman, the rector of St. Andrew's Church at Yonkers, draws the portrait of Jesus in his various characters, as Child, Workman, Teacher, Reformer, Friend, Liberator, Saviour. While there is nothing in these pages which has not been said before, there is nothing which does not need to be said again and again, and it is all said briefly, warmly, impressively. (The Man and the Master. By James E. Freeman. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 75c., net.)

The Shock of Battle This is a story of modern warfare, rapid and telling in its style, and full of effective action. The writer has produced not only a successful narrative, but a number of vigorous descriptions, excellent in themselves and contributing to the tenseness of the situations. A war between Great Britain and Germany, supposed to take place after the opening of the Panama Canal, serves as an opportunity to develop the horrible scenes of a twentieth-century conflict. Political causes are merely touched upon, and the author confines himself to the presentation of the actual battles, in which even the trained and scientific fighters of this century fall back to a certain degree upon their primal instincts. This record of a naval battle abounds in pictures so revolting and at the same time so realistic that it brings home once more the terrible discrepancy between the methods of modern warfare and the ideals of our civilization. (The Shock of Battle. By Patrick Vaux. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.)

Socialism John Spargo, in his book on Socialism, awakens our prejudice by his dedication: "To George D. Herron. 'With two forms and with two figures, but with one soul, thou and I.'" We have not much use ethically for a teacher who unites himself with a man who has abandoned a faithful wife because he has grown tired of her and desires a new companion. That such conduct does not arouse in Mr. Spargo any such indignation as it arouses in us we also judge from his treatment of the relaxation of the marriage tie in a paragraph devoted to this subject. He certainly does not commend such relaxation, but as certainly he does not speak of it in terms of any indignation or even reprobation. Dr. Carroll D. Wright, in his volume on "The Battles of Labor" (reviewed elsewhere in this issue), quotes Mr. Fairman, of the London Fabian Society, as saying that "Socialism is not a system nor a method, but a criticism."

Mr. Spargo's book is less critical and more constructive than most treatises on Socialism, though its historical account of the Socialistic method is pervaded by a criticism of the present industrial organization. Probably his last chapter on the outlines of the Socialist State contains as good a definition or description of modern Socialism as the reader will find anywhere. It includes the doctrine that the principal functions of the State are as follows: "The State has the right and the power to organize and control the economic system, comprehending in that term the production and distribution of all social wealth wherever private enterprise is dangerous to the social well-being, or is inefficient; the defense of the community from invasion, from fire, flood, famine, or disease; the relations with other States, such as trade agreements, boundary treaties, and the like; the maintenance of order, including the juridical and police systems in all their branches; and public education in all its departments." It is in the organization and control of the economic system alone that the peculiarity of Socialism consists, and this principle or method, as it is actually held by most Socialists, is, we think, more accurately, as it is less conservatively, stated by the Socialist party of America in its platform adopted in 1904 and given by Mr. Spargo in the Appendix: "Socialism means that all those things upon which the people in common depend shall by the people in common be owned and administered. It means that the tools of employment shall belong to their creators and users; that all production shall be for the direct use of the producers; that the making of goods for profit shall come to an end; that we shall all be workers together; and that all opportunities shall be open and equal to all men." On the whole, we think that Mr. Spargo's book may be described as journalism rather than either literature or philosophy. It is a useful but a temporary contribution to current discussion. (Socialism. By John Spargo. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.)

Wer Ist's? We are glad to add to our collection of useful reference-books a German "Who's Who," now in its second year, although this is the first edition, we think, to be offered the public in America. The method adopted is practically the same that is followed in the well-known English and American handbooks, and we note that not a few famous people not Germans are included, especially in the lines of scientific and educational biography. (Wer Ist's? Edited by Herrmann A. L. Degener. II. Jahrgang 1906. G. E. Stechert & Co., New York. \$3.)

Letters to The Outlook

JOHN SMITH'S QUESTION ANSWERED

[In The Outlook for August 18 last appeared an article by John Smith which was entitled "A Question." In its course the author said:

If Jesus Christ taught anything, he taught the value of personal influence, personal knowledge, personal contact; but this course is probably now held by the universities to be elementary, and put into the preparatory schools. Professors, instructors, tutors, all busy with the books they are writing for fame and money, say that in the big universities there are too many students to be personally known.

And his question was asked in these terms:

If from education the *man* is to be eliminated, and the extract of information alone is to abide, why, then, shall I send my own boy to college? I honestly don't know. Will not somebody, both rich and generous, endow a chair in humanity to accompany the chairs of *The Humanities*, and send a man into the university who may earn a Ph.D. in the knowledge of young boys and their works and ways? Will not some one else endow a graduate chair in the catalogue, so that struggling parents may be taught how to take up the cast-off task—that vital task—of the colleges, and may learn how to lay out a course of study, giving these same young boys a working plan, sane, sequent, and coherent? If so, perhaps the struggling John Smiths may still toil cheerfully in the sweat of their brows to send their boys to college. Until then—is it worth while? Well, I am only a lawyer, and naturally "*ex parte*." Who will answer as the judge?

This article has aroused a great deal of interest among The Outlook's readers, to judge by the number of replies received. We select three for publication.—THE EDITORS.]

THE SMALL COLLEGE THE REMEDY

I was much interested in the article by John Smith in your issue of August 18. To a large extent probably the situation he describes prevails. But in the case of a boy under twenty, let us say, why not send him to a "small" college for his regular course? Then, if the boy has scholarly instincts, have him take a post-graduate course at a large university. Or have him attend the first two years at a small college, the last two at a large one, if he does four years' work in four.

After all, a great deal depends upon the boy. If he is of a retiring disposition, he is lost among the thousands of a university, while among the few hundreds of a college he is not so easily lost in a crowd. The "personal touch" of professor with student

in a small college means a great deal, as I can testify.

A PASTOR.

THE PROFESSOR NOT DIVORCED FROM THE MAN

I have just finished reading in The Outlook for August 18 "A Question" raised by John Smith, who claims to be only a lawyer. Will The Outlook permit Mary Jones, who is only a poor worm of a woman and not a judge, to attempt an answer?

I am not acquainted with the professors and teachers of X—University, nor in fact of any university as a whole, but I have known many such in the smaller colleges, and my respect for them in their tireless efforts on behalf of their "boys" is large, and I would like to give John Smith a little insight into the life of one man I have known intimately. He does not *write* books, but *opens* them for his pupils; he has acquired no fame for himself, but he is justly proud and unselfishly appreciative of the fame that has come to some of his students; as to working for money, well, he is hardly more guilty of that sin than his brother the lawyer, and I am glad to say that he has more than once put his hand into his own pocket to help a boy in distress, even though all he has to live on is the meager salary paid to the average college professor.

Several years ago, in a technical institution of promise, he reorganized one of the departments, which through mismanagement had become a farce, and he has maintained it upon a high standard ever since. Not a large number of students have been graduated from his course—not over one hundred and fifty—but he is in close and constant touch with nearly all of them. For years he has sent an annual letter to every one of his graduates; the letter is the same to all, and one mail starts it in its various directions. Each student knows that all of the others have the same message, and the responses which come back show that there is a man who teaches "the value of personal influence, personal knowledge, personal contact," and that that man has a heart big enough to take in any number of students who have a purpose in life. He has placed in good positions the majority of his men, and through his instrumentality has been established a bureau, most effective and helpful, whereby the older men who have been out of college

some years may be advanced at short notice to better positions, and they in turn reciprocate in securing places for the younger men.

Not long ago he learned that, after a brave struggle against tuberculosis, one of his students had practically no money left for the few weeks of suffering which were still before him. This teacher immediately presented the matter to the men who had gone out from his department, and in less than two weeks nearly five hundred dollars came in, which was ample to the end, not only for comforts but also for luxuries. Not more than a dozen of the contributors had ever heard of the sick man, yet their letters showed in what sympathetic accord they all still live with their "professor in college." The first to respond was a young man who did not know the needy one, and he inclosed a generous check; the next day brought a second letter from the same man, in which he said: "Should you not get from the men what you expect for Mr. —, please write me in the course of a couple of weeks, and I will send another inclosure, as mother said I did not send enough in the first place."

Another wrote: "I wish to express the appreciation at least one of your boys feels for the way you have taken hold of this matter. I do not know whether it is customary to follow students in adversity, or, if followed, to take the action you have, but I wish personally to pay a tribute to you, the man, and not the professor, in this case, for this good act."

I could quote many more of a similar trend. Allow me to cite one more case.

After being out of college for a time, one of these one hundred and fifty men wrote a long letter telling what he had accomplished in the world; the beginning of it, however, will suffice for my present purposes: "I know you like to hear from your student graduates who have gone out from your department, and that you like to know just what they are doing and the spirit in which they are doing it; but before I say anything along these lines I want to tell you how much I appreciate and value the training I have received under your able direction. Not that I have acquired a vast amount of knowledge, but that under your influence I have acquired the habit of work and constant effort. This I consider the most valuable asset I have obtained from my college training."

I have gone somewhat into the intimate life of this one teacher, to show John Smith that if he would investigate his own question as keenly as he would a case in law, he would find revealed to him a surprisingly large number of modest men in our colleges and other institutions of learning who are not

writing books for fame and money, and who *know* their men so well that it is unnecessary to commit their names to memory.

MARY JONES.

A REPLY BY TOM JONES

In the issue of *The Outlook* for August 18 John Smith writes what is, to me, an astounding article. The question he desires answered seems to be, "Where has the personal, human sympathy between professor and student in our colleges disappeared?"

I cannot assume the responsibility of answering the question to his satisfaction. His article, however, arouses within me a spirit of defense. I contend that it has *not* disappeared. I am one of the modern products of the college. My Alma Mater "is a small college, but there are those who love it," as has been said of it. *Why* do we love it? The traditions are grand, the courses are admirable, the surroundings are unique. But it is for no such sordid reasons as any one of these that we love our college. We love her because we have felt that personal magnetism that comes from great souls. We love her because the president *is* "in our set," because our professors and instructors knew us personally, and with kind, sympathetic words helped us to choose our course and, later, our life's work.

I assert, and with reason, that the man is not eliminated from education, the extract of knowledge is used only as a means to an end. The modern college is making our men, and one need look no great distance to find manly products.

It seems to me Mr. Smith has reached his conclusion too hastily. He evidently is reasoning by the process of enumeration. He falls into the fallacy first of all of taking too few instances from which to draw his conclusion. Because the one university to which his boy went failed to present the sympathetic, manly side of its instructors, therefore all universities and colleges are the same. Surely, as a lawyer, he sees his error.

Following closely on the heels of this comes his failure to be able to compare this college to which his boy went with others. His analogy is imperfect, very much so, because he has no two specific instances to compare. He presents no resemblances, he has no differences. He tries to make an argument from analogy, but cannot, because he takes no other college and specifically compares. He has, therefore, too hastily come to his conclusion that the modern college is lacking in "The Humanities."

The conclusion, it seems to me, should be rather that he was unfortunate in the choice of the university. There are colleges, to my

personal knowledge, that are making a noble effort to bring faculty and students together, and no doubt careful investigation would reveal scores making similar efforts. I sincerely believe the modern education tends more and more to the spirit of helpfulness, sympathy, kindness. In other words, every true teacher's aim is toward fostering "The Humanities."

Then, too, how about the boy himself? He may be, undoubtedly is, a fellow of great intellectual ability. Is he by nature sympathetic? Does his friendliness, sympathy, kindness, go out to others? It is an old saying, worn threadbare through much usage, but as true as God, "A man to have friends must show himself friendly." Because *one* fellow failed to find no responsive chord in the hearts of the instructors in X—University, it does not necessarily follow that there is no chord there. The young fellow may have been *too* busy making himself "two kinds of a greasy grind" to search out and foster the seeds of "personal influence, personal knowledge, personal contact." But this would not have been the boy's fault either. He may not be himself the abiding-place of humanities; or, if he is the abiding-place, he may not be a dispensing bureau.

Mr. Smith, I cannot but feel that you are mistaken when you imply a college education is not worth while. Turn your attention from your one great disappointment to the great wide world. See the myriad deeds of kindness wrought, look for the element of personal contact, among other colleges than the solitary source of your first venture. Broaden your personal knowledge of modern college instructors and instruction. Touch yourself some of these great, throbbing personalities to be found in our colleges to-day. Let their kindness, generosity, helpfulness, humanity, sink deep into your life, and I am sure you will come to feel that indeed "the John Smiths may still toil cheerfully in the sweat of their brows to send their boys to college."

TOM JONES.

THE BRUTALITY OF BARTER

Permit me to reply seriatim to your categorical criticisms of my "Cost of Competition" in your issue of August 18.

I. You state that I have pointed out the evils of barter without recognizing its benefits.

The benefits which you afterward cite have nothing to do with *barter*. They are the fruit of *exchange*. Not only can exchange exist quite independently of any barter, but free and full exchange can take place only when it has been ridden of its parasite barter. Exchange is the actual

passing of commodity or service from hand to hand. Barter is the haggling over the price at which exchange shall take place, or the struggle to gain permission for an exchange which is impelled by every biological impulse and prevented only by superior external force.

II. You state that I overlook the benefits of barter (you mean exchange).

So far as I am aware, I am the only man to point out the encouraging converse to Malthus's Law of Diminishing Returns—the Law of Increasing Returns. To-day most people believe, with Malthus, that as the population increases, on a given territory, hardship must also increase. Yet it is true, on the contrary, that the very growth and congestion of population is, or may be, a source of individual welfare and ease, under the law of increasing returns. This welfare is due to exchange and what exchange permits, specialization and co-operation.

If the political progress of the country be too conservative to keep pace with its scientific progress, exchange otherwise possible will be restricted, specialization and co-operation likewise, and hardship will grow with population. If, on the other hand, political freedom of exchange does keep pace with technical progress, then exchange will flourish and ease will grow with the population. To state this is not to overlook the benefits of exchange.

The greatest bar to free and full exchange to-day is the presence of barter—the uncertainty as to price, quality, and ownership, and the lack of purchasing power which is their peculiar fruit.

III. You laud the benefits due to competition. All that you afterward cite as such are due to emulation, which is the exact opposite of competition instead of being its synonym. Yet your reviewer uses the two terms synonymously. It was the prime object of the book to point out the irreconcilable antithesis of commercial competition on the one hand with personal rivalry or emulation on the other; to demonstrate that all which we value in our modern civilization is due to the latter, and all that we agree in condemning is the fruit of the former. An entire chapter is devoted to a careful definition of the two terms which should be commensurate with this task.

This chapter, like the ones on exchange, specialization, and co-operation, the laws of decreasing and increasing returns, etc., your reviewer has plainly never read. He has skipped all the economic science and jumped to the conclusions of the book unprepared, like a child nibbling the icing off its cake and throwing the nutritive crumb under the

table. If he had not done this, he would never have committed himself to the two columns of irrelevance appearing upon page 880 of *The Outlook*.

SIDNEY A. REEVE.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

[In judging of Mr. Reeve's letter the reader may be aided by the following definitions from standard authorities.—THE EDITORS.]

Barter. The act or practice of trafficking by exchange of commodities; the exchange of goods.—*Webster*.

The act of exchange; specifically, the act or practice of trafficking by exchange of commodities.—*The Century Dictionary*.

Competition. The act of seeking, or endeavoring to gain, what another is endeavoring to gain at the same time; emulous contest. Synonym, emulation.—*Webster*.

Emulation, competition. Competition is the struggle of two or more persons for the same object; emulation is the earnest desire for superiority, arising from competition, but not implying, of necessity, any improper feeling.—*Webster*.

Competition is properly an act, emulation is a feeling or temper of mind which incites to action, and emulation, therefore, frequently furnishes the motive for competition.—*Crabb*.

You made powerful comment on Professor Reeve's book, "The Brutality of Barter." It seems to me that Mr. Reeve, like most Socialists, entirely ignores that it takes two to make a bargain, to barter. To "charge all the traffic will bear" simply means to secure the largest possible wages. However, when Mr. Reeve speaks of barter, or the effects of barter, he seems to have in mind something besides barter, for "putting up the prices until the consequent decrease in the expansion of population, visible in decreasing purchases, warns the profit-seekers to put it no higher" is not an indication of free barter, but of some powers of monopoly, power to levy tribute, to command wealth without giving an equivalent. Now why blame barter for something with which it has nothing to do? Free barter and monopoly cannot exist in the same place at the same time, and yet your professor condemns barter for effects produced by monopoly.

H. W. N.

Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

BOYCOTT VS. WAR

In an editorial note of August 18 you administer a proper rebuke to Mr. Richmond P. Hobson for his unfounded statements regarding the origin of the Chinese boycott,

and his assumption that a navy strong enough to awe China and Japan combined is our best method to secure and preserve trade in the East. But your own suggestion as a substitute for this great navy is very surprising, and is, I trust, an impromptu word, and not the settled conviction of *The Outlook's* editors. You say: "America could do nothing more effective for the world's peace than to propose to Great Britain and Japan, the two chief naval powers of the world, a defensive alliance, embodying the agreement that if either party were attacked the other two would come to her defense." In other words, this means entering upon one of those "entangling alliances" against which Washington warned us, and pledging ourselves to send young men from Maine and Michigan to fight with Sikhs, Japanese, and Tommy Atkinses on the Afghanistan frontier, or with the two latter on the Mediterranean or the North Sea or the Yellow Sea whenever England or Japan picked a quarrel with a neighbor. It means a pledge to fight regardless of the justice of the issue, whether it be "an attack" by Boer farmers, or Chinese opposition to an imposition like that involved in the Opium War. Would you not, on second thought, agree that Mr. Carnegie's proposition would be better politics and more Christian, namely, for these three great nations, occupying different spheres of influence and being natural friends, to agree to arbitrate every difficulty they may have with one another, and together agree to boycott any nation that refused to arbitrate its difficulties with either one of them? Is it likely that France or Germany or Russia—and no other nation is worth considering—would dare fight if it were to lose diplomatic relations with commerce and the power to borrow money from two great nations if it fought with the third? The supposition that it could do so is, to my mind, unthinkable. The power of the economic boycott applied in international affairs has been strangely underestimated. A single nation employing it would find it far less costly than war, and it would make three nations combined invincible. America, in my judgment, could do nothing more effective for the world's peace than to propose it in connection with Mr. Bryan's resolution at the meeting of the Interparliamentary Union.

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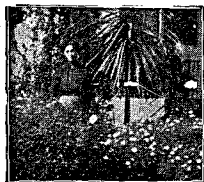
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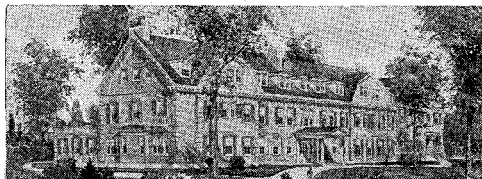
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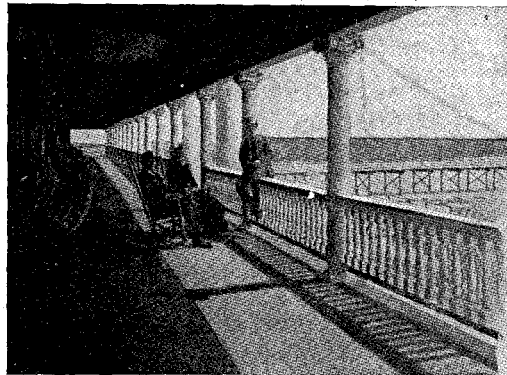
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START in a high class mail order business. Spare time or evening at home. Big money in it. We print you either large or small catalogues with your name on them and supply good jewelry at wholesale. American National Jewelry Co., 311 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

IDLE capital should investigate the possibilities of publishing property. Well managed publications net 5% to 40%. Booklet "How" on request. Emerson P. Harris, 253 Broadway, New York.

AN opportunity is offered to join group of experienced grain raisers in real estate and grain development in Canadian wheat belt; investors may expect 16 per cent. yearly; after ten years their principal will be returned; until then they hold first mortgage on land; promoters only receive half of profits. Write immediately. Canada, 41 West 34th St.

BLOCK of dividend-paying preferred stock for sale in old well-known \$1,000,000 manufacturing company. Investor would be made director and probably given active salaried duties. 4,862, Outlook.

ACTIVE business man is wanted to buy half interest in light manufacturing business. Nets about \$12,000. Owes nothing. 4,863, Outlook.

HALF interest in old successful shirt manufacturing company can be bought by right man who will take charge of New York end. 4,864, Outlook.

TREASURER wanted for manufacturing business many years old. Pays 7% dividends regularly. Required to buy block of stock. 4,865, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

ATTRACTIVE OPENING for capable man; also official position for one investing \$3,500 (secured). Bank references. Manhattan, 5 East 42d St., New York.

FOR THE HOME

SCRATCHING caused by ECZEMA is humanely and gently prevented by use of "HAND-I-HOLD" BABE MITTS. Thumb Sucking cured by same method. Free booklet. R. Clarke & Co., 246 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

IMPROVE your knowledge by playing the game "A Study of Shakespeare." Price 50 cts. The Shakespeare Club, Camden, Me.

ENTERTAINMENTS, plays, for church, home, school, club. K. McDowell Rice, Worthington, Mass.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—A refined, conscientious Protestant German governess, speaking pure German, to take care of two little girls, aged two and four, in a clergyman's family living in Washington, D. C. Nursery governesses need not apply. No teaching to be done for the present. The position is for a German lady of refinement as mother's helper, and she must be between the ages of twenty-seven and forty, and in excellent health. Good references required. Write to Mrs. G. C. Carter, care Mr. E. N. Benson, 155 Bethlehem Pike, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG woman may earn home and attend New England country college. Must understand simple housekeeping; twenty-five hours' work per week required. 4,890, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG woman desires position as governess. Moderate remuneration. References. 4,838, Outlook.

WANTED teachers immediately. Fall rush exhausting our supply. Write us about our free registration offer. Louisiana Teachers' Agency, Covington, La.

NURSERY governess, under thirty, for girl and boy seven and five, suburb of Boston. Only applicants able to give personal interview in Boston need answer. Mrs. H. H. Bemis, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

WANTED immediately. Teachers, resident and visiting. Governesses, mothers' helpers, housekeepers, private secretaries, matrons attendants, ladies' maids, etc. The Hopkins' Educational Bureau, 1 Union Square.

TEACHERS—We put our successful record of 26 years back of you. Let us place you. Write to-day. The New Century Teachers' Bureau, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—A governess for child of nine years residing in a suburb of Philadelphia. Must speak French and have some knowledge of music and sewing. Address, stating age, ability, and salary, with references, 4,883, Outlook.

WANTED—A housekeeper experienced in housekeeping for private families, competent in cooking, sewing, marketing, and accounts, and the managing of servants. Family of 6 and 6 in help in the suburbs of Philadelphia. Address, stating age, ability, and reference. Protestant under 40 years preferred. 4,882, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper, three small children, about November first. Please write fully. 4,877, Outlook.

MOTHER'S HELPER wanted for a family living in Gramercy Park, New York City. There are four children in the family. Two oldest boys are capable of partly looking after themselves. A very good position is offered to the right person, providing they understand and appreciate the responsibilities. Kindly write stating salary expected, experience, and references. 4,852, Outlook.

FAMILIES, institutions, schools, and hotels in need of housekeepers, matrons, stenographers, mother's helpers, companions, etc., address Miss Richards, 48 Lloyd Ave., Providence, R. I.

Business Situations

WANTED—Salesman to represent International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Penn., in New Jersey. 4,875, Outlook.

MAN hunting is our business. If you are competent to earn \$1,000-\$5,000 write for booklet and state position desired; 12 offices. Hapgoods, 305 to 307 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—Agents. Act quick, sell the Austin combination oven and make \$4 per day. We guarantee it. Eastern Supply Co., Box 421, Hartford, Conn.

SECRETARY and confidential man for office of corporation. Salary depends on ability of the man. Send full experience to Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, N. Y.

WANTED—A young woman to assist in studio. Some knowledge of artists' materials and bookkeeping. 4,830, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

VASSAR graduate desires position as secretary, or as instructor in higher English, Latin, history. 4,891, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED YOUNG PRIMARY TEACHER would act as visiting governess for young children in West End, near Riverside. October-June. References. 4,894, Outlook.

WANTED by young married woman, tutoring, English or German, eight hours a week; university graduate; two years' high school experience. 4,884, Outlook.

SECRETARY or assistant to president (or other administrative position) in boys' school; Philadelphia or vicinity; young man with legal training. 4,870, Outlook.

GRADUATE of art school wishes position to teach. 4,878, Outlook.

GOVERNNESS position beginning October or November; experienced. Miss Doudiet, "Oaksides," Smithtown Branch, Long Island.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED lady teacher desires engagement. Higher English, four languages, and music; or as housekeeper or chaperon. 4,731, Outlook.

MUSIC—Young lady of refinement and education would like HOME in cultured family in or near New York, in exchange for best piano instruction. Leschitzky principles of technique taught. References exchanged. Address H. G. W., Buena Vista, Belmar, New Jersey.

FRENCH lady (Geneva) desires home in refined Baltimore family in exchange for lessons. Has prepared pupils for Bryn Mawr College. Highest Baltimore references. 4,780, Outlook.

YOUNG American woman, speaking French, wishes a position as nursery governess or companion to children, preferably in a family going abroad. Can teach French, German, English branches, but prefers position which requires little teaching. Experienced; New York reference. 4,857, Outlook.

POSITION as assistant in institution, school, or settlement, by cultured-Episcopal churchwoman. 4,810, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG woman of refinement desires position as private secretary and companion. Country preferred, or would travel. Highest references. 4,889, Outlook.

REFINED, conscientious woman with experience desires position in institution or as managing housekeeper. 4,866, Outlook.

YOUNG gentlewoman, DISENGAGED this fall, as private secretary, companion (music, languages), or manager of ESTABLISHMENT. Credentials. 4,757, Outlook.

A lady wishes a position in New York as useful companion to a lady, or a position as mother's helper. Best references. 4,886, Outlook.

WANTED—Position in Washington by young woman educated abroad, as visiting companion or governess. Best references. 4,771, Outlook.

WANTED—By a lady of experience, position as companion or managing housekeeper. Address S. E. M., Bellows Falls, Vermont.

EDUCATED young lady as companion. 4,855, Outlook.

SWEDISH nurse and masseuse wishes position with refined lady; highest references. 4,856, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse wishes position to travel with adult or child. References. 4,854, Outlook.

AMERICAN lady desires position as companion and secretary. Is adaptable in the home, experienced in teaching, and will act as companion to older children, assisting with music and studies. Salary \$25. References exchanged. 4,853, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED lady desires position as social secretary, companion, or chaperon. Highest references given. 4,851, Outlook.

A young lady desires position as companion-secretary. Is musical; accustomed to reading aloud. References. 4,861, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as matron, housekeeper, or companion. Hospital and institution experience. 4,830, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED, by woman with several years' experience in charitable work in New York City, position as housemother or matron in children's institution or housekeeper in social settlement. 4,896, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED stenographer desires position as private secretary or office assistant. References. Vicinity of Boston preferred. 4,895, Outlook.

COMPETENT MAN CAN control donation to college museum or library that has opening for his services. 4,893, Outlook.

WANTED—October first, position of secretary in private school. Can play for dancing. Best references. 4,867, Outlook.

WANTED—Position for fall by lady of experience. References. VISITING work preferred. Would take child or grown person to California or Europe for expenses. 4,876, Outlook.

WOMAN of education, ability, and experience desires position as secretary, social or commercial, part of each week. 4,837, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED PRINCIPAL wishes EDITORIAL work, publishers or newspaper. Edwin Sanford, Cameron Mills, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

BUSINESS woman, with ten years' experience in publishing, desires new connection. Competent manage office; expert correspondent; handles advertising; good executive; excellent judgment; thoroughly trustworthy. College graduate. Location New York City. 4,849, Outlook.

WANTED—POSITION OF RESPONSIBILITY in a CHILDREN'S HOME. Experienced; good disciplinarian. References exchanged. Vicinity of New York, New Haven, or Boston preferred. 4,843, Outlook.

PRIVATE secretaryship wanted by proficient stenographer. Unusual references. 4,679, Outlook.

LIVE STOCK

FOR SALE—DACHSHUNDS—Great pets and hunters. Marion B. Moore, Loudonville, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

GIRLS given instruction and mother's care. Experienced teachers. Misses Brown, Leptondale, N. Y.

I am seeking a little girl born of educated parents to become a member of my own home. 4,836, Outlook.

FOR SALE—CHURCH PEWS. OAK. Comparatively new. Sold at sacrifice because of amalgamation of two churches. Bethany Church, Randolph, Vt.

LOAN WANTED: \$50,000 at 4½ per cent. on 2,200 ACRES for hygienic sanitarium, spinsters' home, girls' school and farm under Christian sisterhood. Address J. B., Box 73, Kingston, Ont., Canada.

EXPERIENCED teacher would take into private home in beautiful Massachusetts city, one or two girls, ten to fourteen, giving care and instruction in letters by permission to Dr. Washington Gladden. 4,873, Outlook.

FLORIDA—A teacher can furnish Christian home, tutoring in English branches, French, German, to young girl requiring climate for winter. Highest references given and required. 4,880, Outlook.

INVALID can find professional care and home comforts near Boston. First class in every particular. Highest references from former patients. 4,874, Outlook.

HOME-MAKING A PROFESSION. Booklet free; correspondence courses, American School Home Economics, Chicago.

MISS WHEELER and Miss Clark will receive and chaperon a limited number of young ladies during the winter season at their home in New York City. References exchanged. For full particulars address "Woodcrest," Suffern, New York.

TWO CHILDREN will be welcome in the pleasant suburban home of an experienced teacher. Careful home training. Thorough instruction. A. M. Grahame, Germantown, Pa.

INCREASE your earning power by learning to write advertisements. Facts sent free. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 32, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

"PLEASURES PASSED ALONG," No. 3, 68 pages. Unique eating places, resorts, phalansteries, odd nooks, etc., of Gotham. 25c. postpaid. Libelot Bros., 42 Pine St., New York City.

ARTIST employed several years in painting water color plates for illustrated catalogue of valuable private collection of art objects desires similar work. 4,739, Outlook.

LAMENESS, strains, soreness, etc., can be relieved by Arthur & Arthur Liniment. An old remedy; tested and not found wanting. Send 25 cents for a trial bottle. Arthur & Arthur, 348 West 12th St., New York.

MUSICAL

CROLINS Piano School, 815 Carnegie Hall. Free and partial scholarships. Teachers' training. Address with reference.

PATENTS AND PATENT LAWYERS

PROTECT your ideas. Send for Inventor's Primer. Milo B. Stevens & Co., 891 14th St., Washington, D. C. Established 1864. Branches, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit.